



Rolling Stone

THE OBSTACLES
TO PRISON REFORM

THE
LAST
DAYS
OF
**Amy
Winehouse**

THE MYSTERY OF
D'Angelo

**Trey
Anastasio**
PLAYING
WITH
THE DEAD

BRIAN WILSON
NEIL YOUNG
AZIZ ANSARI

Twilight
of the
Geek
Gods

Rush

Issue 1238
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FUN



FUN



FUN



TO EACH THEIR OWN SATISFACTION

RS1238 “All the NEWS THAT FITS”

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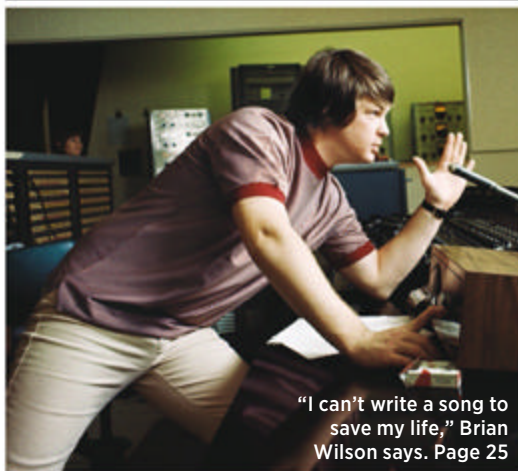
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ON THE COVER Rush: Neil Peart, Geddy Lee and Alex Lifeson (from left), photographed at Helms Daylight Studio in Los Angeles, on April 20th, 2015, by **Peggy Sirota**.

Grooming by Johnny Hernandez at Fierro Agency. Styling by Naomi deLuce Wilding at LuceFormation. Peart's sweater by John Varvatos, jeans by Levi's. Lee's jacket by Levi's, shirt by G-Star. Lifeson's shirt by Maison Margiela, jeans by Citizens of Humanity.

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HUNTER S. THOMPSON 1937-2005

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LISTS

BEST POP CULTURE OF 2015 SO FAR

Barnett

The midyear reports are in: From Kendrick Lamar and Courtney Barnett to *Love & Mercy* and *Broad City*, here are the top albums, movies and television shows.



DEBUT

NATE RUESS GOES SOLO

The fun, singer's introspective new solo record, *Grand Romantic*, features Jeff Tweedy, Beck and a sample from "Some Nights." Hear the album at RollingStone.com.



FILM

Ozzy Osbourne

THE RETURN OF 'DECLINE'

Director Penelope Spheeris talks about the long-awaited box-set release of her classic *Decline of Western Civilization*, the legendary Eighties rock documentaries.



VIDEO

The Yes Men

GO, GLOBAL WARMING!

Watch the latest stunt from satirical activists the Yes Men as the duo hand out shaved ice from the last iceberg in existence, in celebration of Shell's drilling in the Arctic.

THIS WEEK ON

HUFFPOST LIVE

JESUS, TAKE THE WHEEL

Classic country music has always focused on Christian themes, but as songs about booze-swilling and hard partying dominate country radio, is there still room for Jesus on the track?

JOIN THE CONVERSATION AT HUFFPOSTLIVE.COM ON JUNE 23RD



Carrie Underwood



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LOVE LETTERS
& ADVICE



Dead's Last Stand

DAVID BROWNE'S LOVELY piece on the Dead's final shows filled me with joy, and only a very small degree of nostalgia ["The Dead After Jerry," RS 1236]. Trey Anastasio is actually a perfect fit – he respects the Dead's legacy but brings his own sizable jam-band chops to the show, too.

Roger Lee, via the Internet

THE DEAD COVER STORY captured how one of rock's most legendary bands, even after Jerry Garcia's death, can come together for one final amazing set of performances.

Scott Oliver, Gorham, ME

NO PIG IN THE PEN? WES Wilson did a great job with his cover of the Dead, but how could he not have fit Ron "Pigpen" McKernan in with the other heads? "Pig" was one of the founding members, besides being a hell of a talent.

Gary Bertone, Berkeley

THE DEAD AS WE KNEW IT ceased to exist after Jerry's death, but to suggest that everything after that lacks merit is absurd. When the band shattered, a million little pieces of possibility were created. Some of those became small projects, some of them became larger tours. But the music never stopped. It lives in them, and it lives in all of us.

Ayla D., Rocky River, OH

UPDATE

End of the Road

IN 2014, RS CONTRIBUTING editor David Kushner wrote "Dead End on Silk Road" [RS 1202], chronicling the rise and fall of Ross Ulbricht, founder of the illicit online drug bazaar. On May 29th, a Manhattan judge sentenced Ulbricht to life in prison. "I'm not surprised," says Kushner. "The government wanted to make an example of Ross. They succeeded, but also made him a martyr." Since Ulbricht's arrest, dozens of sites on the Deep Web have filled the Silk Road vacuum; the largest, Agora, offers far more black-market items than Silk Road ever did. "This is a game of Whac-a-Mole," Kushner says. Ulbricht's lawyers have appealed, citing, among other things, the March indictment of two agents involved in the Silk Road investigation on wire-fraud and money-laundering charges.



Baltimore's Rage

THE MOST HEARTBREAKING aspect of Matt Taibbi's superb piece on Baltimore was that I finally gained some understanding of what it's like for African-Americans to walk American streets ["Why Baltimore Blew Up," RS 1236]. The daily indignities, the just-because-we-can power trips of cops who can never be held to account enraged me.

Adam Wittier, via the Internet

UNTIL WE MAKE IT CLEAR TO our elected officials that discriminatory policing is simply unacceptable, this cycle of violence and mutual mistrust is going to continue.

*Judy Rubin
Via the Internet*

TAIBBI'S DESCRIPTION OF police tactics is right on the money. His description of Baltimore is not. Many of the city's neighborhoods, including African-American ones, are stable and prosperous. Taibbi should come back to Baltimore for another look.

*Michael Gruber
Medford Lakes, NJ*

In Center Ring

UFC WOMEN'S CHAMPION Ronda Rousey ["The World's Most Dangerous Woman," RS 1236] is the total package:

'Arms and the Dudes' 2.0

GUY LAWSON'S ELECTRIFYING new book, *Arms and the Dudes* (Simon & Schuster), began as a 2011 ROLLING STONE feature about two Miami stoners scoring a \$300 million Pentagon contract to supply weapons to the Afghanistan military.

At the time, Lawson knew this was more than an adventure story: "I felt like I was skimming the surface. Beneath all the manic insanity, there's something important about how America conducts itself in the world, about how arms are proliferated and about how policy is made."

strength, beauty and wisdom rolled up into one true champion. Rousey's best is still to come.

Eric Isaac, Washington, D.C.

Late-Night Bores

LATE-NIGHT TELEVISION has indeed become an "oasis of niceness" ["The Nicening of Late Night," RS 1236]. I think Rob Sheffield and ROLLING STONE should create a TV program with an eye toward recapturing the irreverence of an old-school talk show. Without straight shooters like David Letterman and Jon Stewart, we're lost.

*Mark Balobek
McKees Rocks, PA*

She's a Woman

HOW FUNNY THAT WHEN HE heard her record, Neil Young assumed Florence Welch was a man, one with a high voice [Q&A, RS 1236]. From one of the most unusually beautiful and plaintive voices in rock to the other – very fitting. And, yes, very punk.

Jim Holland, via the Internet

Speed Demons

I LOVED SIMON VOZICK-Levinson's piece on my favorite rockers, Speedy Ortiz ["The Magic Words of Speedy Ortiz," RS 1236]. Sadie Dupuis' poetry degree has really served her in creating the great throwback record *Foiled Deer*: Like everyone else, I hear Liz Phair in there, but of course, Dupuis is also her own damn self.

*Owen MacDonald
Via the Internet*

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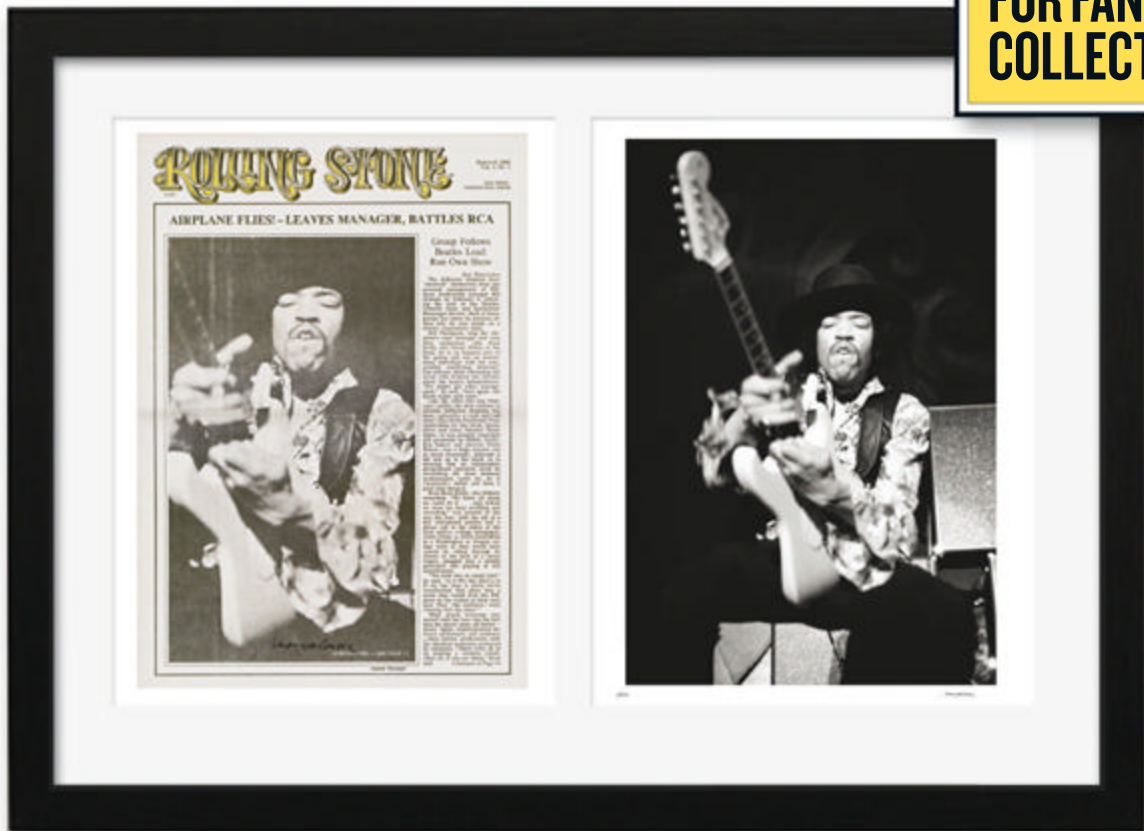
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THE PLAYLIST

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW



1. The Arcs "Stay in My Corner"

Dan Auerbach's got a brand-new band! The first thing we've heard from the Black Keys frontman's side gig is this sweet, laid-back slice of falsetto soul, with a melody that reminds us of John Lennon's "Jealous Guy." We're psyched for the Arcs' debut album, *Yours, Dreamily*, in September.

2. Beck "Dreams"

We love sad-folkie Beck as much as anyone, but dance-y Beck is even better. This funky little groove is giving us *Midnite Vultures* flashbacks in the best way possible.



3. Blur "Ong Ong" video

A soft-serve ice cream cone and a bouncing smiley-face emoji star in the supercute clip for this hummable highlight from the Brit-pop heroes' new *The Magic Whip*. Sweet!

4. Yo La Tengo "Deeper Into Movies"

This song was a noisy high-light of YLT's '97 classic *I Can Hear the Heart Beating as One*. For their new *Stuff Like That There*, they remade it as a dreamy, lovely lullaby.



5. The Rolling Stones "Brown Sugar (Alternate Version)"

Check the deluxe *Sticky Fingers* re-issue for this 1970 outtake, made at a wild party with Eric Clapton on guitar.

6. Kacey Musgraves "Family Is Family"

Musgraves brings wit and warmth to this new tune, singing affectionately about relatives who "own too much wicker and drink too much liquor."



7. Sunflower Bean "I Hear Voices"

Four minutes of dark psychedelic sludge and sunny melody from the rising New York band, sort of like Black Sabbath covering the Kinks.



EXPERT OPINION



Skrillex

We asked the EDM star – whose Full Flex Express train tour of Canada, starting July 8th, is modeled on 1970's Festival Express experience – to check out five songs.

CLASSIC

Grateful Dead

"China Cat Sunflower"
My dad was a big fan of the Dead, so I used to hear them all the time around the house. This song is so psychedelic and free-flowing and deep. It's like it's in 3D.

Janis Joplin

"Cry Baby"
This is one of my favorite vocal performances by Joplin. It's a forgiveness song. If a girl wrote a song like this about me, I would be so flattered.

Aphex Twin

"Bucephalus Bouncing Ball"
So incredible. It's a crazy journey, like five songs in one. I've memorized every single hit and solo and accent.

NEW

Taylor Swift feat. Kendrick Lamar

"Bad Blood"
A year ago, you never would have thought that Kendrick and Taylor would make a song together. I think it's awesome. Really fun.

Fetty Wap

"Trap Queen"
The anthem of the summer. I play this record in almost all my sets. You can't help but sing along.



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The Amy Winehouse We Never Knew

New film digs deep into her life, music and demons
By Andy Greene

ABOUT TWO YEARS ago, documentary filmmaker Asif Kapadia began interviewing Amy Winehouse's friends, collaborators and family members in a darkened studio in London. Winehouse had died less than two years earlier, and emotions were still raw. So Kapadia set his camera aside and used only an audio recorder to make them feel more comfortable. "They were very nervous, and there was a lot of guilt," he says. "It became a bit like therapy. They opened up and talked about things they hadn't really spoken about to anyone before."

Kapadia's film, *Amy* – which premiered at Cannes in May to rave reviews and begins rolling out across America in early July – tells the story of the troubled singer in unprecedented depth. Kapadia used unseen archival footage [Cont. on 14]

FALLEN
ANGEL
Winehouse
in 2007



AMY WINEHOUSE

[Cont. from 13] and more than 100 newly recorded interviews to document her talent and her painful unraveling, which culminated with her death at age 27 due to alcohol toxicity.

A British filmmaker best known for *Senna*, his 2010 film about a Brazilian racing champion, Kapadia says he knew little about Winehouse when he took on the project. "What I learned was what a creative, intelligent, funny human being she was," he says. "I didn't know any of that. I don't know if anyone did."

As he slowly won the trust of those close to Winehouse – including her best friend, her manager and Blake Fielder-Civil, her ex-husband – they began handing over the rare photos and video clips that make up much of the film. Early scenes, like a teenage Winehouse belting "Happy Birthday" at a friend's 14th birthday party, reveal the singer's natural talent, while the latter half of the film documents her agonizing drug problems. Less well-known to the public is her struggle with bulimia, which likely played a significant role in her early death by weakening her heart. "She'd have meetings in restaurants and be eating and eating, but she didn't have anything to her body mass," Kapadia says.

One powerful scene shows Winehouse laying down vocals for "Back to Black" with producer Mark Ronson. "That came



to us purely by chance," says Kapadia. "We heard a rumor that someone was filming during the session, and we eventually found it."

The film repeatedly shows swarms of aggressive paparazzi stalking the frail singer wherever she went, even as she attempted to enter rehab and fix up her life. "It's quite visceral," says Kapadia. "Through the tabloids, her life became a joke, and she was a sensitive soul. She wasn't confident enough to deal with these issues."

Amy's father, Mitch Winehouse, a London cabdriver who began releasing his own music after her career took off, granted Kapadia extensive interviews, and is seen in much of the archival footage – at one point even showing up to visit his daughter on a Caribbean vacation, though she had no idea he'd arrive with a film crew in tow. The overall portrait is of a deeply devoted parent who was also very interested in maximizing his child's earning potential, even as her health declined. Mitch was extremely upset with the final cut of the movie. "They are trying to portray me in the worst possible light," he told *The Guardian* in May. (Mitch Winehouse declined to speak with *ROLLING STONE* for this story.)

Winehouse's father has objected to a scene that shows him suggesting his daughter did not need rehab; he said that he meant only that she didn't need rehab in 2005, and that he later supported the idea as her condition worsened. Kapadia stands by his portrayal. "We're telling the story in the present," he says. "At that moment in time, that's what happened."

The final scenes, in which an ailing Winehouse is barely able to sing onstage, can be difficult to watch, as is the moment when authorities emerge from her London apartment with a body bag. "Part of the intention of the ending is to ask, 'How did we let this happen?'" Kapadia says. "How did we let this thing go on, and nobody stepped in and stopped it?"

Summer of the Rock Doc: Four More to See

From a proto-rap poet to a quietly influential hair-metal band, other music films to check out this summer

Elliott Smith

Heaven Adores You
On DVD/Blu-ray July 17th

What It Is

A deep dive into the singer-songwriter's life, which ended in suicide in 2003.

Why You Should See It

Smith went from playing Portland, Oregon, coffee shops to playing the Oscars; the film explores his unique journey and unearths a trove of unheard songs.

Key Scene

Smith playing "Miss Misery" at the 1998 Academy Awards – a moody folk tune holding Hollywood royalty spellbound.



Gil Scott-Heron

Who Is Gil Scott-Heron?
In limited screenings

What It Is

A revealing new look at the influential poet, radical and pathfinding musician.

Why You Should See It

Scott-Heron's words come to life as friends and family – and the artist himself – recite his lyrics.

Key Scene

A label exec reads a tongue-twisting note he got from Scott-Heron. Even when Scott-Heron was discussing business, he was a first-rate poet.



Nina Simone

What Happened, Miss Simone?
Premieres on Netflix June 26th

What It Is

A look at the volatile life of one of jazz music's defining voices.

Why You Should See It

Director Liz Garbus explores the troubled genius of a singer-pianist who channeled all of her demons into her music. "I have to live with Nina," Simone once said, "and that is so difficult."

Key Scene

Simone's stunning solo piano performance at the 1976 Montreux Jazz Fest.



Quiet Riot *Well Now You're*

Here, There's No Way Back
Now airing on Showtime

What It Is

A reassessment of the "Cum On Feel the Noise" boys, who laid the template for much of the hair metal to follow.

Why You Should See It

It's almost like watching a real-life *Spinal Tap*.

Key Scene

Replacement singer Mark Huff forgets the words to "Cum On Feel the Noise" at a show. Come on! **ANNIE LICATA**



FROM GUILLERMO DEL TORO AND CARLTON CUSE

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FEARLESS

TRIBUTE

The Man Who Set Jazz Free

Ornette Coleman broke all the rules and inspired musicians from Coltrane to Sonic Youth

HIS PLAYING HAS A REAL PURITY ABOUT it, a real beauty," Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead said of the iconoclastic alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman in 1989. Garcia had just played on the latter's album *Virgin Beauty*, a

complex, radiant showcase for Coleman's idea of free jazz: defying conventional laws of harmony, melody and rhythm in the pursuit of an individual, ecstatic voice. Coleman, who died on June 11th in New York at age 85 of cardiac arrest, coined a name for his music: harmolodics. But Garcia recalled Coleman trying to explain his vision during a session for that LP: "Finally, he said, 'Oh, just go ahead and play, man.' And I thought, 'Oh, I get it now.'"

Coleman's titanic impact on jazz as a composer, improviser and lifelong outsider can be measured in the truth of album titles like *Something Else!!!!*, his 1958 debut, and 1960's *Change of the Century*. "Even in jazz, there are rules of engagement – Ornette shook up that orthodoxy," says Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid, who played with drummer and Coleman alumnus Ronald Shannon Jackson. "And a lot of people did not get it." The exuberant turmoil of Coleman's groups and his searing tone on alto sax, grounded in gospel and the blues of his native Texas, polarized the jazz community in the late Fifties and Sixties. Miles Davis claimed Coleman was "all screwed up inside"; John Coltrane became a disciple and collaborator.

The liberating force of Coleman's music had an equally dramatic, transforming effect on rock. "I used to run around the Village following Ornette Coleman wherever he played," said Lou Reed, whose free-rock guitar work in the Velvet Underground was inspired by Coleman's soloing. The Dead's collective improvising, the direct-

chaos of Captain Beefheart's 1969 album *Trout Mask Replica*, and New York post-punk bands like Sonic Youth and Defunkt all reflected Coleman's innovations.

Born on March 9th, 1930, in Fort Worth, Coleman led his first combos in Los Angeles in the Fifties, starting long relationships with bassist Charlie Haden and trumpeter Don Cherry. The 1960 LP *Free Jazz* became synonymous with an emerging avant-garde, but Coleman resisted definition: composing the symphony *Skies of America*; recording in Morocco with the Master Musicians of Jajouka in 1973; revving up his R&B roots with guitars in the band Prime Time with his son Denardo on drums; and making a 1986 LP, *Song X*, with guitarist Pat Metheny.

Coleman's imprint was summarized at a 2014 tribute concert in

Brooklyn featuring saxophonist Sonny Rollins, guitarist Thurston Moore and Patti Smith. But Coleman was always certain his music would be understood. "I have always wanted to go into the mainstream," he said in 1989. "But I didn't want to sacrifice what I was doing to get there."

DAVID FRICKE



RICHARD THOMPSON, VIA CHICAGO

The U.K. folk icon finds an ideal collaborator in Wilco's Jeff Tweedy

English folk-rock icon Richard Thompson's songs have been recorded by artists from R.E.M. to the Pointer Sisters. But the veteran English rocker has often found his "quirky" playing can

make collaborations with other musicians difficult. "There's a strong Celtic element," he says. "The modes aren't quite the same. I'm not playing blues. Sometimes it's difficult to bring musicians into that." And yet Thompson found himself right at home recording his 16th solo album, *Still*, thanks to producer Jeff Tweedy of Wilco. Thompson performed

with Wilco in 2013 at the Americanarama festival. It went so well that Thompson traveled to Chicago earlier this year to record at Wilco's studio the Loft. "It feels like you're sitting around with friends playing," says Thompson. Tweedy agrees. "I actually enjoy it more than making my own records," he says. "The pressure's off."

JESSE JARNOW



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Can Apple Music Make Streaming Pay?

The answer may not matter. Why the tech giant might succeed in a hard business

STEVE JOBS ONCE CALLED MUSIC streaming “bankrupt”: “You could make available the Second Coming in a subscription model, and it might not be successful,” the late Apple founder told *ROLLING STONE* in 2003.

A lot has changed since then: Sales for iTunes-style downloads dropped 12.5 per-

vance-licensing fees of \$42.5 million over three years – just a taste of the enormous expenses Spotify pays to song owners – along with an onerous “most favored nation” contract clause that ensures that Spotify’s terms can only get worse. Weeks before the Apple Music announcement, Spotify added videos, podcasts and news clips to its service – a sign that it might be looking for other business models besides music streaming.

One special challenge for Apple Music: Unlike Spotify and other competitors, it does not offer a free option beyond a three-month trial period – which means it might have a harder time luring customers. To help with that, Apple is launching a live global radio station with the help of former BBC DJ Zane Lowe. Apple execs also point to the launch of the iTunes Store in 2003 as an object lesson: “They said they wouldn’t pay 99 cents for a song, but they did,” says software head Eddy Cue. Jimmy Iovine, who joined Apple when it bought Beats in 2014 and is helping to lead its streaming push, dismisses rivals as “utilities.” “The audience has plenty of places to get free,” he says, “but if you give them a good service, it will scale.” And when it comes to scaling up, Apple has a head start thanks to the 800 million iTunes accounts already in existence.

In the end, Apple’s biggest advantage, along with its \$190 billion in cash, could be the fact that it isn’t dependent on streaming – Apple Music, like the company’s App Store and iTunes, ultimately exists to make products such as iPhones more appealing. “Music downloads in the iTunes store have always been a break-even venture,” suggests Ben Swanson, co-owner of Secretly Group, indie-label home of Bon Iver, the War on Drugs and others. “Their primary motivation is for sticking this within their ecosystem, so you are upgrading your phones, buying the new Apple TV or using their software.” If they can do that, even Steve Jobs couldn’t argue with that logic.

STEVE KNOPPER



BIG BEATS Apple Music’s Iovine (left) and Trent Reznor are launching a global radio station with DJ Zane Lowe (inset).

cent last year, while on-demand streaming services such as Spotify have grown by more than 54 percent. Now, the tech giant has launched Apple Music, going live in late June. CEO Tim Cook announced that it will “change the way you experience music forever” – as competitors accused Apple of coming late with a copycat product (one Rhapsody exec called the service “virtually identical” to its own).

But the big question is still: What if Jobs was right? What if enough customers will not pay the \$10 per month that Apple Music and the other services need to survive? Up to now, streaming has been far from a high-profit business. Spotify has 75 million users, of which 20 million pay for its premium model. But the company’s huge overhead has included \$3 billion in payouts to record labels and song publishers so far. A recently leaked 2011 contract with major label Sony Music showed ad-



Chance in L.A.

HOT ALBUM

YOUNG RAP STAR THROWS A WICKED CURVEBALL

Chance the Rapper follows his breakout moment by joining a jazz group

After Chance the Rapper’s 2013 mixtape *Acid Rap* made him one of hip-hop’s hottest properties, many expected him to sign a lucrative record deal and enlist a dream team of A-list producers for his proper solo debut. Instead, he had an epiphany. “[I realized] I can do whatever I want,” says the Chicago artist, 22, with a big laugh. “I don’t have to do a fucking thing!”

Last year, Chance dodged expectations and joined the Social Experiment, a loose group of jazz musicians led by his pal Nico Segal, a.k.a. Donnie Trumpet. They spent the next 12 months recording their debut album, *Surf*, which arrived as a free download on iTunes in late May. Chance says he relished the opportunity to work on a project that didn’t have his name up front. “It’s hard to have a title in your fucking name!” he says. “When you’re Chance the Rapper, it’s hard to do other shit.” He contributed vocal arrangements to nearly every song on *Surf*, writing full verses for some songs and just hooks on others. “It’s a lot more freedom for me,” he says. “There are cases where you can say a lot more in a hook than you can by making things more complex in a verse.”

These days, though, he says he’s come back around to liking the name Chance the Rapper, which he coined as a high school senior. “People don’t want rap to be anything other than what it is,” he says. “But genres expand. My contributions, no matter how they sound, will always be rap, because they’ll always be black.” So will there be a Chance the Rapper album anytime soon? He pauses before replying: “That’s a good question. Let’s say I don’t know.”

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

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SINCE 1937

The High Priest of Disco Returns

After decades away, dance-music godfather Giorgio Moroder plugs in his synths again By Jonah Weiner

A FEW YEARS AGO, GIORGIO Moroder was sitting around his home in Italy, not doing particularly much. In his heyday in the Seventies and Eighties, Moroder was a pop superproducer, responsible for dance-floor euphoria and Top 40 kitsch like Donna Summer's "I Feel Love," Berlin's "Take My Breath Away," Blondie's "Call Me" and the *Scarface* soundtrack. But in the Nineties, with disco on the wane and alt-rock and hip-hop ascendant, Moroder laid his synths aside. He fiddled with other creative pursuits – portraiture, architecture, high-end car design – but, he says, music left a hole: "I was getting a little bored. You can play golf and do some little projects, but at the end, it's not fulfilling."

Then, out of nowhere, Moroder got a call from Daft Punk. Like many of EDM's biggest names, the duo worshipped him. They invited him to their Paris studio, recorded him talking about his life and set his recollections to a track named "Giorgio by Moroder" on *Random Access Memories*, their smash 2013 album. Just like that, Moroder's retirement ended. The album was an instant EDM landmark, and Moroder's phone didn't stop ringing. Promoters wanted him to DJ. DJs wanted him to collaborate. Labels wanted new music: "I got four different offers to do an album," he says.

Today, Moroder is standing on the black-and-white marble floor of his Los Angeles high-rise condo, his fluorescent striped socks poking out from fine leather loafers. He is 75, but not, he says, remotely infirm. "I went to the doctor and he did tests and everything is perfect – I'm going to live till I'm 100!" he says. He's about to release *Déjà Vu*, his first LP in 30 years. It features vocalists who were either prepubescent or nonexistent when Moroder established himself as the Seventies' pre-eminent disco priest, including Sia, Charli XCX and Britney Spears.

In the entryway to the condo lie several trophies: the Oscar for producing "Take My Breath Away," which anchored *Top Gun*; the Oscar for producing "What a



HIT MAN Moroder in May (above). Left: With Donna Summer in 1976. Moroder worked on eight Top 10 hits for Summer.

Feeling," from *Flashdance*; framed platinum records for both. Across the room, a gleaming-white grand piano abuts his terrace, and a glass-topped table with legs lacquered in gold and black dominates the dining room. Moroder claims to have not once done cocaine – "never, ever, ever" – but you wouldn't know it from his decor, which looks like someone smuggled it off the *Scarface* set.

Moroder was born in the Italian ski-resort village of Ortisei in 1940, situated 40

miles from the Austrian border. He loved the Beatles, and he started making music in his teens – gravitating not only toward catchy melodies but also then-state-of-the-art equipment: "I had two Revox recorders, and I would play piano and record it – as a composer I don't think I was great, but I knew how to use the machines."

By the Eighties, Moroder, riding a string of global hits, bought a mansion in Beverly Hills that friend and frequent muse Summer nicknamed the Ice Castle – "It was all marble and glass," he explains. He forswore narcotics, saying that sex, instead, "was my drug. I had some good-looking girls." Married now, he was, back then, habitually single. "I worked every day in the studio," he says, "so my social life in the Eighties was very little."

When he stopped working, Moroder returned to the same part of Italy where he grew up and did other [Cont. on 22]

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GENUINE SINCE 1937

[Cont. from 20] things. He gestures to an enormous canvas on his dining room wall, which depicts Elizabeth Taylor with snow-white skin and multicolored hair – he made the image using Photo-shop, then hired an oil painter to reproduce it. “I made two of them,” Moroder says. “I gave the other one to Taylor.” He found other creative diversions, like investing in a sports car designed by his buddy Marcello Gandini, the man behind the Lamborghini Countach. More recently, Moroder helped an architect design a massive residential pyramid intended for construction in Dubai, though it was never built. “It was probably a little too ambitious,” he says.

It’s not surprising that Moroder gravitated toward crafting luxury items, because his greatest songs were luxury items too: precision-engineered, opulent, even pampering in their devotion to bodily pleasure. An extreme case of this came on one of Moroder’s breakthrough hits, “Love to Love You,” by Summer, on which he famously coaxed her to simulate an orgasm.

For *Déjà Vu*, Moroder had to update his way of working. In the past, he made tracks much the way he made his Elizabeth Taylor portrait: sketching them out with electronics, then hiring gifted musicians to flesh them out. Pop-craft was easier back then, he says: “It was, ‘Donna, let’s do an album.’ ‘OK, come to Munich and we’ll do it.’”

Now, however, such streamlining is impossible. “Especially when you’re working with 10 to 12 different singers. Logistically, it is a nightmare,” he says. “Every singer has their own vocal producer and engineer.” With Sia, “I gave her an instrumental, and she wrote what they now call the ‘top line’ – she wrote the verses and the lyrics, recorded it, did the harmonies and that was that.” Other vocalists sent in a cappella tracks and Moroder came up with beats to match them. The finished LP straddles old and new. “On one hand, you want to get that disco kind of feel,” he says. “On the other hand, we’re in 2015.”

A woman named Jen from Moroder’s management company shows up, carrying a blond Sia wig. She wants Moroder to put it on so she can take a picture, “for social media.” Moroder eyes the wig with a combination of intrigue and horror, then tugs it over his scalp, smiling bashfully from beneath blunt-edged bangs. “You look awesome,” Jen tells him. Emboldened, Moroder strikes a pose at his piano as she snaps away on her phone. She mentions some other business, then heads for the door. “Send me that picture,” he calls after her. “I want to see it!”



Reconsidering a Music-Business Boogeyman

Allen Klein was infamous among rock managers – but a new book tells the full story

WHEN FRED GOODMAN BEGAN working on a book about Allen Klein, former manager of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, he knew he was taking on a figure many fans saw as a shady operator. Klein, after all, had snatched up the publishing rights to everything the Stones recorded up to 1971 (they claimed they didn’t understand what they were signing away), and was a flashpoint during the Beatles’ breakup (Paul McCartney despised Klein and wanted to hire a different manager). “I always heard he was this evil guy,” says Goodman, a former *ROLLING STONE* editor. “I felt there had to be more to the story.”

A few years ago, Klein’s son Jody approached Goodman about writing a book about his father, who died from Alzheimer’s disease in 2009. Jody offered access to his father’s archives, as well as complete editorial control. “He made me an offer I couldn’t refuse,” says Goodman.

The end product, *Allen Klein: The Man Who Bailed Out the Beatles, Made the Stones and Transformed Rock & Roll*, is the first book to tell Klein’s full story – from growing up in a Newark, New Jersey, orphanage to taking over Sam Cooke’s career in the early 1960s, through his own

downfall in the 1970s, when the music industry turned on him. Along the way, he acquired the rights to music by Cooke, the Animals and more, all of which still generate a fortune for his company, ABKCO.

Goodman discovered that Klein is far from a cartoonish villain; among other financial feats, Klein rescued the Beatles’ Apple Corps, which had been bleeding money. “The artists all wanted someone like [Allen] to go fight the record companies. They wanted a bully,” Goodman says. “He was aggressively advocating for artists. [In the 1960s], the notion that artists have leverage and are grossly underpaid was a revelation.”

Klein was always looking out for himself, too. “His worst sin is he didn’t really educate his clients,” says Goodman. “He gave them what they asked for, but if he had been good and earnest he would have said, ‘You’re asking for the wrong thing.’”

The book is full of great anecdotes.

In 1997, Klein learned the Verve’s “Bitter Sweet Symphony” sampled a symphonic version of “The Last Time” without seeking the Stones’ permission. Klein persuaded frontman Richard Ashcroft to sell the publishing and his rights as lyricist to ABKCO for \$1,000. Klein scored big when “Bitter Sweet Symphony” became a hit. Ironically, the Stones song appeared to borrow from the Staple Singers’ “This May Be the Last Time.” “Fortunately for the Stones,” Goodman writes, “the Staple Singers weren’t managed by Allen Klein.”

ANDY GREENE



Goodman



LOVE AND SEX

Aziz Ansari's Serious Take on Modern Love

Comedian teams up with NYU sociologist for new book on romance in the Internet age

OVER THE PAST DECADE, AZIZ Ansari has made the bizarre world of 21st-century dating a centerpiece of his comedy. But when the 32-year-old *Parks and Recreation* alum decided to write a book on the topic, he wanted to do something more serious than his fans might expect. "I didn't want it to be a book of funny essays, 'cause I'd rather just use those ideas for stand-up," he says. Ansari's publisher suggested he co-author the book with Eric Klinenberg, a sociologist at NYU who wrote *Going Solo*, a study of the global rise of single-person households that also touches on the way technology has transformed relationships – a favorite theme of Ansari's. "Once I decided I wanted the book to have this vibe, I needed someone to help me do it properly," he says. "Eric seemed to really get it."

The result, *Modern Romance*, is a hilarious, often unsettling account of what young singles go through as they search for love in the digital age. It shows how the

simplest minutiae – How long should you wait to respond to a text? What's the best angle for your Tinder picture? – can become the stuff of existential dread.

Ansari and Klinenberg traveled the globe convening focus groups to quiz young people about their dating lives. In Japan, where taking your own picture is considered tacky, they found that people were using photos of their cats or rice cookers for their online profiles. In Buenos Aires, they encountered singles who arranged late-night meet-ups at *telos*, hourly hotels that seem to carry little stigma. "People were sharing their phones with us," Klinenberg says. "We had access to something no one other than the NSA has access to."

Watching people navigate infinite dating options made Ansari, who has a girlfriend, feel justified to have changed his own strategy not long ago. "I would go on so many first dates and get frustrated when that spark wasn't there," he says. "So I tried to spend more time with people and go on more fourth and fifth dates and really get to know someone."

ELISABETH GARBNER-PAUL



A scene from *The Tribe*

HOT FILM

A WHOLE NEW KIND OF SILENT FILM

Set at a school for the deaf, 'The Tribe' takes off from an extraordinary concept

The Tribe is one of the most powerful movies in recent years – and one of the strangest. Set at a school for the deaf, it's told entirely through sign language, with no subtitles or voice-overs. The movie, which won the Critics' Week grand prize at Cannes last year and is now being released in the U.S., focuses on the school's teenage gang members who commit crimes under the tutelage of a corrupt wood-shop teacher. Director Myroslav Slaboshpytskiy used only deaf amateurs, whom he cast through Ukrainian, Russian and Belarusian social media. While he doesn't understand sign language, Slaboshpytskiy culled from his experience as a crime reporter in the Nineties, covering the Ukraine's "deaf mafia," a small group that controlled decisions among the deaf community. "This way of communication looks like a miracle," he says.

JASON NEWMAN

TELEVISION

The Sixties Through the Eyes of a Square

David Duchovny is a cop navigating psychedelic 1967 on NBC's 'Aquarius'

"AQUARIUS" HAS ALL the hallmarks of a show set amid the Sixties counterculture: free love, long hair, plentiful weed, Jefferson Airplane on the soundtrack. But at the center of the NBC series is a character who wouldn't be caught dead

wearing patchouli: flattopped L.A. detective Sam Hodiak, played by David Duchovny. "I hadn't really seen the Sixties portrayed through the point of view of a middle-aged law-enforcement officer – certainly not recently," says creator John McNamara. A work of historical fiction, *Aquarius* focuses on Hodiak's search for a missing girl taken in by wanna-be rock star Charles Man-



Anthony and Duchovny

son (*Game of Thrones*' Gethin Anthony). To ensure fidelity to the times, McNamara and his team looked to old *Life* magazines and films like the 1967 fringe-scene documentary *Mondo Hollywood*. "You want to say it's from a different time," says Duchovny, discussing Hodiak's penchant for cracking skulls, "but it turns out to be more timely than we thought."

MARK YARM



Royal Blood Reignite British Hard Rock

The duo made believers out of Jimmy Page and Foo Fighters – with just two instruments

‘YOU TRULY KNOW HOW TO rock,” Howard Stern says, welcoming one of his favorite new bands, England’s Royal Blood, to a live performance on his SiriusXM morning show. Another reason he loves them: “It’s just two guys. I thought I’d seen it all when Cream was three guys.” Stern beams at his console as bassist-singer Mike Kerr and drummer Ben Thatcher hit the dark funk of “Figure It Out,” from their debut album, *Royal Blood*. Fattened with octave-pedal effects and droning harmonics, Kerr’s bass sounds like an alien army of guitars as he and Thatcher hit the racing finish. “Dudes,” Stern declares at the end, “I hail you!”

Founded in 2012, Royal Blood are used to praise from high quarters. Dave Grohl asked them to open Foo Fighters’ U.K. and North American stadium dates this summer, and Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page is an ardent fan. He saw Royal Blood’s first New York show, in May 2014. “I was really thrilled to see these two guys,” Page says, “playing with such a connecting energy.”

Friends since their mid-teens, Kerr, 25, and Thatcher, 27, knew how good they were at their first gig: a party at a pub in

Worthing, Kerr’s hometown on England’s south coast, celebrating his return from a nine-month visit to Australia. Thatcher picked him up at the airport; in the car, Kerr played demos of riffs he’d written while away. “I said, ‘Man, we should jam this out,’” says Thatcher, a pastor’s son from nearby Rustington. “We set up in a friend’s washroom and wrote four songs, which we played that night.”

“I knew how much work the bass needed to do if we were just to have two people in the band,” says Kerr, who started on piano. He planned a career as a chef before music took over and likens his approach to the bass to a popular BBC television show, *Ready Steady Cook*. “It was a bit like that: These are the ingredients. I’ve got to put on a feast with what I’ve got.”

Royal Blood work fast. In late 2012, they recorded their first demos “for 300 pounds,” Kerr notes. Those recordings became half of *Royal Blood*, issued in Britain last summer and the biggest first-week seller there in three years. “There was something in the rushing,” Kerr says, “that captured exactly how we were.” Royal Blood have already started writing a new album, with no plan to add members. “I’d be telling them what to play,” Kerr admits.

Stern, though, has an idea: Royal Blood should record with Page. “You’re the band,” Stern tells them on the air, “he wishes he was in.”

**“Dudes,”
Howard Stern
declares after
Royal Blood
perform,
“I hail you!”**

DAVID FRICKE

SECRET HISTORY

THE TRUE STORY OF THE MP3 REVOLUTION

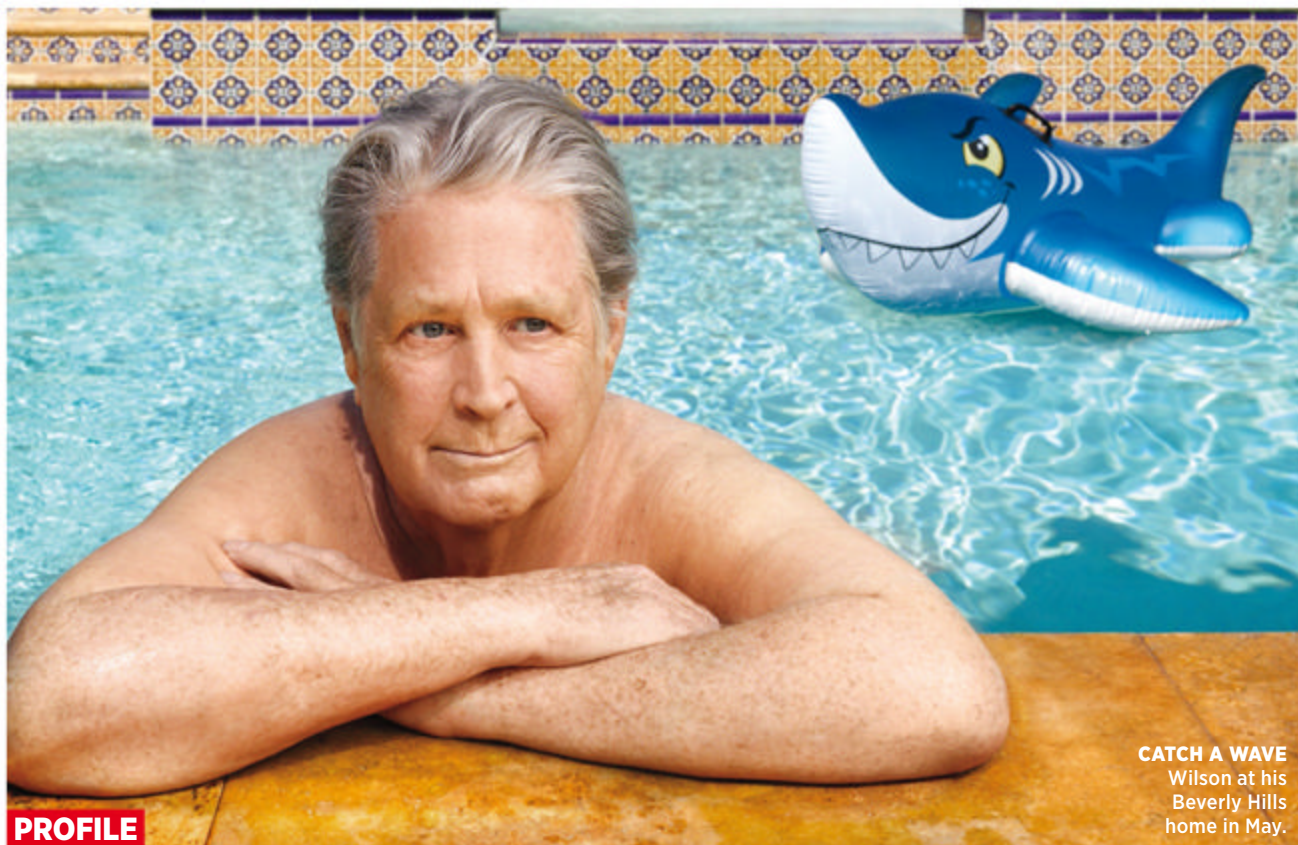
New book zooms in on pirates, inventors and execs who changed music forever

For most people, the history of digital-music piracy boils down to one word: Napster. But according to Stephen Witt’s new book, *How Music Got Free: The End of an Industry, the Turn of the Century, and the Patient Zero of Piracy*, the whole story is a lot more complicated – and a lot stranger. Witt’s compelling account of the digital-music revolution instead focuses on lesser-known figures like Dell Glover, whom Witt calls “the greatest music pirate of all time.” A North Carolina CD manufacturing-plant worker, Glover was behind the online leaks of nearly 2,000 discs, including smashes like 50 Cent’s *Get Rich or Die Tryin’*, during an approximately seven-year run that ended up landing him in prison for three months. “If you’ve ever pirated music, it’s almost certain that somewhere in your collection you have songs that go back to this one guy,” Witt says.

The other main characters in Witt’s book are German audio engineer Karlheinz Brandenburg, chief architect of the MP3, whom Witt hails as “the visionary father of contemporary streaming technology,” and legendary record executive Doug Morris, the erstwhile head of Universal Music Group. Morris epitomized the industry’s disastrous response to piracy, urging the RIAA to take a hard line against Napster and spending tens of millions on Pressplay, an online music store that turned out to be a huge flop. These narratives, says Witt, 36, help tell the larger “story of how my entire generation got online for the first time and what that looked like.” Though Witt is a fan of streaming, he gets nostalgic for the old days when anything was possible. “It was fun to live through the Wild West of the Internet,” he says.

MARK YARM





CATCH A WAVE
Wilson at his
Beverly Hills
home in May.

PROFILE

Brian Wilson's Better Days

Cruising L.A., eating tacos and watching basketball with a pop genius at peace
By Jason Fine

ALMOST ANY DAY IN L.A., YOU could find Brian Wilson pretty easily if you wanted to, sitting in a booth by the window at the Beverly Glen Deli, with a bowl of blueberries and a hamburger, or shuffling along the path of a tree-shaded park near his home in Beverly Hills. He does this circuit – deli, park, home – two or three times a day, what he calls “my daily regime,” to keep in shape and to quiet his mind. “I’m anxious, depressed, I get scared a lot,” says Wilson, who turned 73 on June 20th. “It’s been that way for about 42 years. The park helps keep me straight. I show up feeling bad, and I leave feeling good. It blows the bad stuff right out of my brains.”

On an 80-degree winter morning, Wilson walks the curving trail, his six-foot-three frame stooped and a little unsteady, but moving fast. “See that bench up there?” he says, breathing hard. “Just

under that tree? We’re gonna sit down there. Get ready.”

We’ve walked about 60 yards since our last rest, in this lush oasis of palms and bougainvillea, surrounded by estates once owned by Walt Disney and Frank Sinatra, and the \$18 million chateau where Michael Jackson died. “I don’t normally stop to rest,” he says, unconvincingly. “But I can tell that you want to stop a little bit, so I’m doing it for you.”

Wilson wipes perspiration from the back of his hands onto his red Hawaiian shirt and closes his eyes. With a breeze blowing through his swept-back silvery hair, and the sun shining on his pale but still-handsome face, he looks almost peaceful. “The people in Los Angeles are fucking cool,” he says brightly. “The Malibu crowd, my family, the people at the deli – low-key. That’s the way I like it. I don’t like surprises. I’m not as adventurous as I used to be. I don’t know what happened. I guess I got old. That’s just the way things go.”

A petite older woman with frosted hair walks past, cooing at her two tiny dogs. “Hi, Brian,” she says, with a big, doll-like smile. “Hey, man,” Brian responds.

“A regular, like me,” he says after she’s gone. “Think she’s foxy?”

Except for when he’s in the studio or on tour, this is Brian Wilson’s life as a senior-citizen Beach Boy: cruising Beverly Hills in his midnight-blue Mercedes, stopping for chili dogs and doctors’ appointments and maybe a little exercise, then back home to park himself in his big red chair in the family room, where he listens to the Fifties station on Sirius and watches *Wheel of Fortune*, while family life swirls around him. He has no hobbies. He doesn’t use e-mail or surf the Internet or read the newspaper. He lost his cellphone a few years ago and never replaced it. He rarely sees old friends. “I wouldn’t even know how to reach most of them,” he says, “or what I’d say.”

Wilson and his wife of 20 years, Melinda, have five kids, ages five to 18, and about a dozen dogs. (Wilson also has two daughters, Carnie and Wendy, from his first marriage.) The youngest kids, Dakota and Dash, climb all over Wilson in his red chair, and the whole family is in sync with his gentle eccentricities. “At a really young age, I understood that Dad is never going to be like the other dads, [Cont. on 26]

[Cont. from 25] but he's still dadlike," says Daria, 18, who designed the packaging (and suggested the title) for Wilson's new album, *No Pier Pressure*.

Sometimes, Wilson wanders upstairs to his music room, but he gets easily discouraged. "I can't write a song to save my life," he says. "I sit at the piano and try, but all I want to do is rewrite 'California Girls.' How am I gonna do something better than that? It's a fucked-up trip."

ONEAFTERNOON, WE SEE A MATINEE of *The Wrecking Crew*, a documentary about the L.A. session musicians who played on records by everyone from Nat King Cole to Phil Spector, and most famously on Wilson's mid-Sixties Beach Boys classics. The film begins with clips of Wilson in the studio recording *Pet Sounds* at age 23: the hip, confident auteur in his chunky glasses and psychedelic shirt, pushing the veteran musicians to bring to life the complex, emo-

ades of tension and lawsuits to reunite with the Beach Boys for a 50th-anniversary album and tour.

Though much of his recent work has cast Wilson as a soft-rock survivor, he still shows glimmers of his edgier, idiosyncratic pop genius, especially on 2008's *That Lucky Old Sun*. On that and his two most recent albums, Wilson's best songs grapple with an uneasy subject: the end. Buried at the back of *That's Why God Made the Radio*, the Beach Boys' 2012 reunion record, is the hymnlike "Pacific Coast Highway" (which was originally intended as part of a 15-minute suite that we can only hope will one day be released in its entirety): "Driving down Pacific Coast/Out on Highway One/The setting sun/Goodbye." *No Pier Pressure* ends on a swelling, Phil Spector-style send-off with a similar, unmistakable message: "The Last Song."

"I've carried a lot of weight on my shoulders – a heavy load," Wilson says. "For me, music is about love. Love is the message I

Along the way, Wilson points out the street in Pacific Palisades where he rented a house in the early Eighties, when he weighed 300 pounds and subsisted on steaks, crème de menthe cocktails and cocaine. "I was so lazy I pissed in the fireplace," he says. "Can you believe that?" Further along, he shows me the ashram he used to attend, back when the Beach Boys got into TM with the Beatles. "I meditated my ass off," he says. "I did it for about two years. Then it stopped working, so I quit." Heading north on the PCH, he sees Moonshadows, a restaurant down the beach from where he once lived. "I used to hit that place up," he says. "Sneak out of the house, drink a bottle of wine and go dance around by myself."

Wilson lived in Malibu from 1982 until 1995, nine of those years under the care of Eugene Landy, an unconventional therapist who was hired in 1983 to curb Wilson's drug use and get him back to work after years of erratic, self-destructive behavior. In some ways, the Landy program worked. "I got off on exercising – I was in Olympic-style shape," Wilson says proudly. But Landy turned Wilson into a virtual prisoner: He moved into Wilson's home, relocating him to a rental down the beach; installed padlocks on the refrigerator and live-in bodyguards to monitor Wilson's behavior; and cut off contact with Wilson's friends and family. Landy kept Wilson off recreational drugs, but he dangerously overmedicated him with sedatives and psychotropics, which left him despondent and occasionally nearly catatonic. "I thought he was my friend," says Wilson, who rarely says anything negative about anyone, "but he was a very fucked-up man."

These years are portrayed in terrifying detail in *Love & Mercy*. The film focuses on two distinct periods of Wilson's life: Dano plays Wilson in the mid-1960s, when he was producing his greatest records but unraveling emotionally; Cusack plays Wilson when he was living under Landy's care as a lost and largely forgotten man. "It was hard to watch the first time," Wilson admits. "I felt exposed. But it's a factual film. Whatever the film shows, it was much worse in real life."

Cusack says he cherished the time he got to spend with Wilson preparing for the role. "He's incredibly tough," says Cusack. "Like, motherfucking, seriously tough. He's not perfect. But he's healthy and happy and he's making music, and he survived. Michael Jackson didn't make it. Elvis Presley didn't make it. Brian made it."

One reason he made it is because of Melinda (played by Elizabeth Banks in the film). She was instrumental in getting Landy removed from Brian's life, and since she and Brian were married, in 1995, she's helped him get proper treatment for his

"I can't write a song to save my life," Wilson says. "I sit at the piano and try, but all I want to do is rewrite 'California Girls.'"

tional music he was striving for.

It was surreal – and a little unnerving – to sit in a theater full of people, watching Wilson watch himself. The experience was not relaxing for him, either. He sat pressed against the back of his seat, impassive, while his younger self bounced around the tiny studio with vigor and purpose. After 45 minutes, Wilson bolted. I found him on a bench in the lobby. "That was a real ball-puncher," he said. "A heavy nostalgia thing."

"I had so much energy, I had it so together," he added. "I'd love to have some of that back."

For a guy who admits retirement may not be far off, Wilson is extremely busy. In April, he released *No Pier Pressure*, which features guest vocalists including Kacey Musgraves and Zooey Deschanel, and this summer he's playing amphitheaters and arenas in the U.S. and Europe. *Love & Mercy*, an excellent biopic starring Paul Dano and John Cusack as Wilson in different periods of his life, was released on June 5th, and the film goes a long way toward illuminating the tragedies and triumphs of Wilson's life.

All of this comes at the tail end of one of rock & roll's most unexpected and astonishing third acts: Since 1999, when Wilson launched his first-ever solo tour, at age 56, he's been on a nonstop creative roll, finishing his long-lost Sixties masterpiece, *Smile*, in 2004, touring the world with his stellar band, and even putting aside dec-

want to share. I hope people feel the love in my music. That makes the hard work worth it."

SOMETIMES, WILSON SURPRISES you. Today, instead of lunch at the deli, he suggests a drive down to Malibu for sushi.

"How much gas you got?" he says, climbing into my car in his driveway, attired in his usual uniform: tropical-print shirt, sweat pants, white New Balance sneakers. His hair, perfectly slicked back yesterday, is a wavy mess today, but his blue eyes are clear and bright. He looks happy.

"We've got more than a half tank – plenty of gas."

Traffic is backed up along Sunset. "Hey, don't worry about the traffic, man," Wilson says. "Let's just relax. You got enough gas?"

Wilson asks me to set the AC to a chilly 64 and turn up the volume on his favorite station, K-Earth 101. He sings along to Steve Miller's "Rock 'n Me," the Bee Gees' "You Should Be Dancin'" and Queen's "Another One Bites the Dust." "What a weird lyric," he notes. A few seconds into "Thriller," he asks me to hit "mute."

"Hard to handle," he says. "A little scary." Then, after a moment: "Hey, you ever run out of gas before?"

No, never.

"Well, then," he says with a nervous chuckle, "what the hell are we worried about?"

mental illness, as well as orchestrated his amazing career comeback. Despite many triumphs, she acknowledges it has been a tumultuous journey. "You never know what you're going to get with Brian," says Melinda one night over dinner. A former model who met Brian when she was working as a Cadillac saleswoman and he came to buy a car, Melinda has a regal beauty, and she speaks candidly about her and Brian's life together. "This wonderful, troubled guy has surprised me every single day of our 20-year marriage. His life is like a tug of war. It's up and down. That's his cycle. It's like anybody that suffers from depression. It's real, man. But through it all, he's the bravest, kindest person I've ever known."

Sometimes, when you're talking to Wilson, you notice that he's not looking into your eyes but somewhere above the top of your head, as if a fly has landed there and it's distracting him. Cusack, who studied Wilson's body language closely, thinks Wilson's upward focus has something to do with the way he reads people: "I was like, 'Is he looking for an aura?' He's feeling you, seeing colors and vibrations. He's not a formatted, linear political creature. He's all quantum artist. I love that about him."

Darian Sahanaja, a member of Wilson's band for 17 years, has noticed the gaze, too – he used to think Brian was just looking at his hair, which rises impressively from his forehead. "I could be three feet away from him, he'll look at my eyes for a split second and then he'll look up, as if he's seeing how high my hair's going," says Sahanaja. "He's always looking upward. It's always hopeful. He looks like maybe he's going to see an angel fly out of the top of you, then he'll know you're one of the good guys."

ONE EVENING LAST SPRING, Wilson passed up courtside Lakers seats because he wanted to attend his son Dylan's basketball game at a local rec center instead. Dylan's team, the Thunder, was undefeated, and the family – Brian and Melinda, Daria, Dylan, Dash and Dakota, plus their longtime housekeeper Gloria and two nannies (the couple's other child, Delanie, 17, is away at boarding school) – headed out from Beverly Hills to root him on.

On the way, we stop for dinner at Ernie's, a favorite Mexican spot in the Valley. Wilson sits at the head of the table, sips Diet



Beach Boy to Family Man

(1) Wilson, wife Melinda and their five kids. (2) With star Paul Dano at the *Love & Mercy* premiere in L.A. "Whatever the film shows, it was much worse in real life," Wilson says. (3) Onstage in April on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*.



Coke with a straw and announces, "No one has to rush through dinner. We have plenty of time."

"Dylan, we're winning tonight," he adds. "I have a good feeling."

Over enchiladas and tacos, Wilson tells Dylan about his own childhood athletic career, something the 11-year-old seems totally unaware of and soaks up with glee. Wilson was a star center fielder at Hawthorne High, a skittish hitter but a strong fielder with a great arm. "I could run the bases in 44 seconds and throw the ball from center field all the way to the catcher. I wanted to be a center fielder for the Yankees. That was my ambition, but I got sidetracked into the music business."

Wilson also played quarterback for the football team, but he quit senior year. "I got knocked on my back and I felt like I was going unconscious," he says. "It scared me silly. I go, 'Coach, I quit! I don't want to play anymore!'"

"Was the coach mad?" asks Dylan.

"He just said, 'Hit the showers, Wilson!'"

"Did you have to take showers with the other players?" Dylan says with a giggle.

"Oh, yeah, I didn't like that part."

At the game, the Wilsons line up along a bench near one end of the floor. Brian has been known to walk across the court in the middle of the game, but tonight he sits on a folding chair next to Melinda, holding her hand.

With 11 minutes left in the second half, the Thunder are down by 10. "We might be fucked, honey," Brian says. Then Dylan's team makes a late run, partly fueled by Dylan's two clutch free throws, and the Thunder win in overtime.

Dakota and Dash jump up and down, and Dylan rushes to hug his dad. "See, Dylan," Wilson says. "If you stick with it, things work out in the end. Not always, but sometimes."

AT TIMES LIKE THIS, WILSON seems as relaxed as I've ever seen him – goofing around with his family, sleeping as late as he wants, even soaking up a little sun in the backyard while the kids jump on the trampoline. Soon, Wilson will have to drag himself out of this Beverly Hills idyll to head out on tour – three grueling weeks across the U.S., followed by Europe – and the anxiety is starting to creep in. "I'm trying not to think too much about it or I'll get nervous," he says, driving up Hollywood Boulevard one day. "I'll get into it and be fine, but it's hard to transition."

A few minutes later, "California Girls" comes on the radio, and unlike most times one of his own songs plays, Wilson doesn't mute it – he asks me to turn it up. "I call myself Brian Willpower Wilson," he says. "I tell myself that, and it helps me push through the tough stuff. You know, I feel like I've got about 15 years left, so I want to make the most of it. So I'm taking things a little easier lately. Like, when I wake up in the morning, instead of going, 'Oh, no, not another day,' I'm going, 'Oh, God, thank you for another day!'"

Trey Anastasio

The Phish guitarist on barbecuing with the Dead, his new man cave, and why his band won't let him wear cool sneakers By Patrick Doyle

TREY ANASTASIO ISN'T TAKING HIS job as singer-guitarist at the Grateful Dead's reunion shows lightly. In preparation for the Fare Thee Well concerts (which start on June 27th), Anastasio has been shuttling between the houses of surviving members of the Dead in Northern California to practice and talk set lists. "There's certain things you can't pick up without sitting there," says Anastasio, as he talks about visiting Bob Weir at home, "like some of the changes in 'New, New Minglewood Blues.'" A few weeks after the Dead shows, Anastasio will return to his day job in Phish, who are starting a U.S. tour in Oregon on July 21st. For those rehearsals, the guitarist only has to travel to his Vermont barn, where he was heading when we spoke. "I haven't seen the guys in a couple of weeks," he says. "I can't wait!"

What's surprised you about Dead rehearsals so far?

It's been a great experience in ways I might not have anticipated. I hung with Bobby [Weir] at his beach house for about a week. He said, "Just fly out and we'll sit with a couple of amps and just play." Phil [Lesh] invited me out, and we had a barbecue at his house, and I got to see Phil walking on the beach with his grandson, which was really touching. Bobby, Phil and I just sat, talking about the set list. Just watching them reminisce about the day they wrote "Truckin'" and laughing, that's the stuff I love. One day, Bobby started talking about how much he loved Brent [Mydland, the Dead keyboardist who died in 1990]. He said, "Make sure you listen to those vocal harmonies from the late 1980s." Life happens. People come and go.

I think it's gonna be a really moving experience for the fans to be there together with their friends, and to watch the band members who have just spent their entire lives together. **Do the relationships in the Dead remind you of Phish?**

Bobby was 16 when he joined the Dead. I was 18 when I met the other guys in Phish. I'm

50 now. The cool thing about being friends with the people you've been with since you were 18 is you can keep one foot there. They knew you back then, so you can't pull any shit on them. If you get a new pair of sneakers and you look like you're trying to be too cool, the guys will say, "Oh, my God, what are you doing?" Playing improvisational music is such an intimate thing. I know if Mike [Gordon] got a good night's sleep or if he's in the middle of an argument or having problems by the way he's playing bass. We have a bond that's deeper than blood.

Phish have had to take a few long breaks over the years, but you've been going steadily since 2009. What's changed?

It used to be too all-inclusive. Everyone we knew worked for Phish. It was "Phish, Phish, Phish" all the time. We'd go to a party, and everybody at the party was a Phish employee. It became a little unhealthy. But now, the only thing that's important is that our friendship is healthy. We were naming our [Magnaball] festival, and we had an e-mail chain that went on for three or four months. And if one person doesn't like it or says, "I'm getting uncomfortable here," the other three guys will say instantly, "OK, change it, then." **What's it like still having fans who follow the band around the country?**

I know a lot of people out there. It's very strange – when I look at the first 10 or 15 rows, I see a lot of the same faces, even though I've never talked to them much. One of our first shows in Burlington was at a place called Doolin's, during happy hour. There were two people there – I remember their names, Brian and Amy. We played every Tuesday, and they would be dancing like crazy! The rest walked out. It still feels like that, a little gang.

When you're not on tour, what do you do most days?

One of my daughters is a sophomore in college, and the other graduates from high school next week and will be off to college. So my wife and I have been married 20 years and are starting this new phase, which is kind of fun! I rented a little studio in New York – a tiny, windowless space with garbage all over the place. It's my man cave. I've been locking myself in there for five hours a day. The last time I worked on my guitar rig was, like, 1989. I've been going deaf!

Have you given your kids any advice for this stage in their lives?

The only thing I would hope for them is that they believe it's possible to do what you love. I don't even know what that is. If it's plumbing – plumb with love.





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L.A. NOIR
McAdams and
Farrell as hard-boiled cops

True Defective

'True Detective' struggles to capture the same magic the second time around – but Rachel McAdams shines By Rob Sheffield

SO HERE'S THE SURPRISE twist: Rachel McAdams makes a hell of a cop. She's easily the best thing about the second season of *True Detective*. Her transition from mean girl to bad cop is amazing: She's

True Detective
Sundays, 9 p.m., HBO

a tightly wound, sarcastic loner with a thing for knives and no particular desire to hide her rage. As she explains in the squad car to her lunkhead partner, Colin Farrell, "The fundamental difference between the sexes is one of them can kill the other with their bare hands. Man of any size lays hands on me, he's gonna bleed out in less than a minute." Farrell replies, "Well, just so you know, I support feminism. Mostly by having body-image issues."

It's one thing for the doe-eyed starlet from *The Notebook* to cut it as a hard-boiled Southern California cop. It's quite another for her to be the most credible and convincing thing about the show – but here we are. The new-model *True De-*

tective would be lost without her. It's an old-school anthology series, where every season is a different story with a different cast – no more Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson on the Louisiana bayou. Instead, it's an L.A. County criminal-conspiracy story full of philosophical speeches – basically *The Chinatown Monologues*.

Vince Vaughn is a neurotic gangster trying to go legit. Farrell is your generic Cop With Problems. And Taylor Kitsch, who stir-fried the hormones of America's moms on *Friday Night Lights*, is a strong-but-silent stud who yearns to be back on his bike with the CHP. *True Detective* makes a sly joke out of his heartthrob appeal – almost every female character makes a point of checking out his ass. (But not McAdams – it takes a lot to impress her.)

The original *True Detective* had surprise on its side – nobody knew McConaughey or Harrelson were capable of turning their stock haunted-cop characters into genuinely compelling losers. It was a tour

de force of acting, writing and direction, even if the plot didn't make a lick of sense – the classic case of a mystery where the action is all in the riddle, not the solution. All that Louisiana sunshine brought out the darkness in these cops' bad brains.

The new season gets off to a slow start, at least in the first three episodes, partly because it doesn't have the surprise advantage: It's a Cali cop drama. The

central figure is Vaughn as the crime kingpin, not so far from the drug lord he played in *Star Trek & Hutch*. Vaughn's deadpan is brilliant in comedies, but it makes it tough for him to play scary, since every word out of his mouth sounds funny, even when it's not meant to be. His kingpin is such a nervous wreck it's hard to understand how he got to the top of the gangster racket. "There is no part of my life not overwrought with life-or-death importance," he mutters. "I take a shit, there's a gun to my head saying, 'Make it a good one – don't fuck up.'"

Farrell is a likable meatball. But does every actor need a dark side? He strains for psychosexual depths that aren't there. And that goes double for Kitsch, whose charisma tragically dries up whenever he puts his clothes back on.

Writer Nic Pizzolatto's fondness for here's-how-the-universe-works soliloquies suited McConaughey and Harrelson perfectly the first time. But nobody on the new *True Detective* has the same chemistry.

So it all comes down to McAdams, the only cookie here you'd be scared to tangle with. People think she's uptight: When a colleague says, "You got serious problems, detective," she snarls, "I'm whittlin' them down." She probably means it literally. It was a surprise to see McAdams on *True Detective*. But it's even more of a surprise that she turns out to be the truest detective here.

SHORT TAKE

'UnReal,' TV's Best Bitchfest

UnReal

Mondays, 10 p.m., Lifetime

UnReal is a welcome mockudrama about reality TV, from (of all places) Lifetime. Shiri Appleby (*Roswell*) plays Rachel, a producer on the reality-dating show *Everlasting*, pulling the strings backstage. Along with everyone else, she's trying to manipulate the camera-dazed ladies in the cast into making morons out of their moron selves. *UnReal* has the high-strung antics of an actual reality soap – here a slap, there a slap, everywhere a bitch slap – even as it satirizes every cliché



Appleby (left) on *UnReal*

of the genre. (Rachel's boss yells, "Sluts get cut!") The punchline: For all the hijinks the contestants do to get noticed by the camera, it's nothing compared to the screaming and scheming that goes on behind the scenes. **R.S.**

FRONT TOP: LACEY TERRELL/HBO; JAMES DITTIGER/LIFETIME



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"It's like we're living in a f--king 'Terminator' nightmare!" —Ryan Adams, on Deadmau5's Governors Ball set

Random Notes



Black Keys drummer Patrick Carney (right) calls Governors Ball "our best show in New York City."

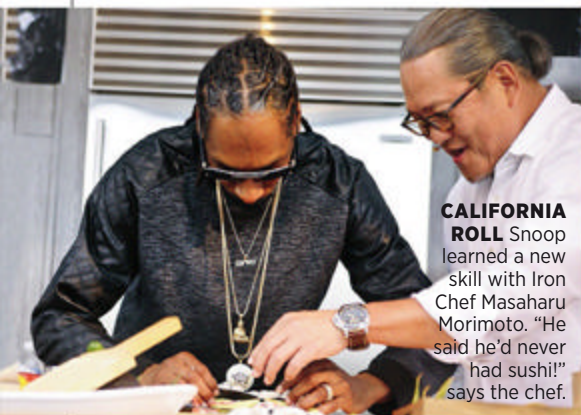


SUMMERTIME GLADNESS

"It's so amazing to be back," said Lana Del Rey. *Honeymoon*, her follow-up to 2014's *Ultraviolence*, is due this fall.

New York's Top Ballers!

New York's Governors Ball once again proved that it's the East Coast's only truly great summer festival, with headline-making sets from the Black Keys, Florence and the Machine, Lana Del Rey, Björk and Drake. One surprise standout: "Weird Al" Yankovic, who busted out classics like "Amish Paradise," "Yoda," "Fat" and his "Blurred Lines" parody, "Word Crimes." "As soon as I walked onstage, the place went insane," says Yankovic. "It kinda blew my mind to hear everybody sing along to songs that were recorded before most of them were born."



CALIFORNIA ROLL

Snoop learned a new skill with Iron Chef Masaharu Morimoto. "He said he'd never had sushi!" says the chef.



HERE COMES THE DROP

Skrillex pulled some tricks in downtown L.A. He's been a skater since he was about nine. "I was always more into 'go big' - seeing how many stairs I could jump," he has said.



UNCAGED Matt Shultz of Cage the Elephant got airborne during their set at the BottleRock festival in Napa Valley, California. "I'm a trained gymnast," says Shultz. ("Not really," he adds.) Cage are in the studio recording a new album.



ED FAKE Ed Sheeran unveiled his wax figure at Madame Tussauds in New York. "He didn't say much, but he's got a bulge, so it's all good," Sheeran said.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: KYLE DEAN REINFORO; GRIFFIN LOTZ; C. FLANIGAN/WIREIMAGE; LANDOV; CHRIS TUIE; WINSTON BURRIS/WENN.COM; LONDON ENTERTAINMENT/SPLASH NEWS



SONG BIRD

Adele was thrilled to spot a photographer on her way out of a London recording studio, where she's reportedly putting the final touches on her third album.



MEET THE NEW BOSS

At a MusiCares charity event in New York, Bruce Springsteen joined the Who for "My Generation." In a speech, he remembered seeing the Who for the first time at 16: "It thrilled and inspired me."



FROM FIST CITY TO MUSIC CITY Loretta Lynn and young whippersnapper Jack White were inducted into Nashville's Walk of Fame, joining giants like Hank Williams and Roy Orbison. "Well, I think it's about time!" said Lynn.



L.A.'s Best New Bar Band

"We're the U2," Bono deadpanned to a small crowd at L.A.'s Roxy nightclub. The band was making up for a radio gig it had to cancel last year after Bono's bike accident. In front of fans including Jack Nicholson and Tom Morello, U2 played a set heavy on early-Eighties material (including the seldom-played "11 O'Clock Tick Tock"). Bono also paid tribute to their late road manager Dennis Sheehan, who died two days earlier. "Sacramental music and sacramental friendship are at the heart of this band," Bono said.



LET'S SPEND THIS FLIGHT TOGETHER Mick Jagger jetted from a Minneapolis gig to Dallas on the Stones' very own Boeing 767. They're considering extending the tour. "I'm seeing what the options are!" says Jagger.



OUT OF THE BLEACHERS

Jack Antonoff worked on his curveball at Maryland's Sweetlife festival. Backstage baseball has "made touring a whole new environment," says Antonoff. "It's all we do at shows now."

CRIME, POLITICS AND JUSTICE

Leaders from both ends of the political spectrum are joining together to reduce America's bloated prison population – one of the most harmful legacies of the War on Drugs. So why isn't more happening?

★ By Tim Dickinson ★

IN THIS ERA OF HYPERPARTISANSHIP, the liberal-libertarian convergence on criminal-justice reform is, frankly, astonishing. Everyone from the Koch brothers to George Soros, from Tea Party Texan Sen. Ted Cruz to Democrat Hillary Clinton are singing from the same hymnal: "Today, far too many young men – and in particular African-American young men... find themselves subject to sentences of many decades for relatively minor, nonviolent drug infractions," Cruz told reporters in February, before implausibly invoking French literature. "We should not live in a world of *Les Misérables*, where a young man finds his entire future taken away by excessive mandatory minimums." In one of her first major policy speeches of the 2016 campaign, Clinton decried "inequities" in our system that undermine American ideals of justice and declared, "It is time to end the era of mass incarceration."

But as unusual as the setup is, the punchline, in Washington, remains the same. Outside of limited executive actions by the Obama administration, durable reform is stymied. Entrenched interests from prosecutors to private prisons remain a roadblock to change. Meaningful bills are tied up by law-and-order ideologues like Senate Judiciary Chairman Chuck Grassley, the 81-year-old who brands his adversaries as belonging to "the leniency industrial complex."

Progress in the states, meanwhile, is modest at best. "Nobody's trying to hit home runs," admits Grover Norquist, the GOP's anti-tax czar and a leading conservative advocate for reform. "This is all about singles and not yet any doubles."

The imperative for criminal-justice reform is aching and obvious: In the past 40 years, the U.S. prison population rose 500 percent. The drug war has been the biggest driver: There are more people locked up today for drug offenses alone than the entire prison system held in 1970.

According to a 2014 report on mass incarceration by the National Academies of Sciences, more black men born in the post-Civil Rights era have served time in prison than graduated from a four-year college. Where one in 87 white men is in jail or prison, for African-American men the number is one in 12. The U.S. has less than five percent of the world's population, but nearly a quarter of its prisoners. As 2016 Democratic dark horse and longtime reform advocate Jim Webb writes, "Either we are home to the most evil people on Earth or we are doing something dramatically wrong in how we approach criminal justice."

The injustice of our justice system is so inescapable even U.S. Attorney General Eric Holder denounced it, writing during his final months in office that "policies designed to be 'tough on crime' have perpetuated a vicious cycle," the effect of which has been to "devastate entire communities – particularly communities of color."

If such data points raise liberal hackles, the conservative case against mass incarceration is just as compelling. Americans spend more than \$80 billion a year keeping our fellow citizens on lockdown. According to the Vera Institute of Justice, the average per-prisoner cost of incarceration is more than \$31,000 a year, a price tag that can rise as high as \$60,000 in New York. This is not just a drag on state budgets. The federal government itself spends more than \$8 billion on incarceration and detention,

and offers nearly \$3.8 billion more in criminal-justice subsidies to states.

"Spending more money is not being tougher on crime," Norquist told Wisconsin conservatives in April. "Putting more people in prison is not being tough on crime – it's just a waste."

GOING INTO AN ELECTION YEAR, even this rare issue with broad bipartisan backing is not immune to gamesmanship and demagoguery on the presidential stage. Sen. Rand Paul is already bandying criminal-justice reform as a cudgel against Clinton. Should he become the GOP nominee, Paul declared this spring, "I'll ask [her], 'What have you done for criminal justice? Your husband passed all of the laws that put a generation of black men in prison.'"

There is truth to Paul's charge, but also skillful distortion. Federal mass-incarceration policies took root in the Reagan era, with the passage of the Anti-Drug Abuse Act of 1986, which imposed mandatory minimums for drug sentences, and punished trade in five grams of crack, prevalent in the black community, as harshly as 500 grams of powder cocaine, the party drug of affluent whites. In 1988, Ronald Reagan escalated the racist drug war, signing a bill making mere possession of five grams of crack punishable by a federal five-year mandatory minimum. Two decades later, 79 percent of prisoners being sentenced for federal crack offenses were black.

Bill Clinton upped the ante during his first term with the passage of the Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994 – a bipartisan answer to America's then-sky-high crime rates. The Clinton crime bill included provisions favored by



progressives, including the (now expired) federal ban on assault weapons and billions in funding for “community policing.” But the legislation also imposed a federal “three strikes” statute and ballooned state-prison populations by offering nearly \$8 billion in grants for new prison construction. By the end of Clinton’s presidency, the federal prison system had added more prisoners than under Reagan and George H.W. Bush combined.

In a recent essay, Bill Clinton defends this policy on the macro level – celebrating the collapse in crime rates in the years since the bill’s passage as an “extraordinary national achievement,” even as he concedes that on incarceration he “overshot the mark.” Here, Clinton blames the GOP. “The Republicans basically wanted to emphasize ‘three strikes you’re out’ and all that,” he said recently. “But I wanted to pass a bill, so I did go along with it.”

And Hillary Clinton was right there with him. As first lady, she campaigned

for the crime bill, calling it “both smart and tough” and insisting, “We need more prisons to keep violent offenders... off the streets.”

Paul and other Republican candidates want to hit Clinton on incarceration much the same way Barack Obama bashed her in 2008 for her vote authorizing the Iraq War. Paul’s commitment to criminal-justice reform is not posturing. But as a matter of raw politics, he is attempting to drive a wedge between Clinton and black voters – a strike at the heart of what political strategists now refer to as the Obama Coalition. The threat is serious enough that Clinton launched her 2016 campaign by moving far out in front on criminal-justice reform – using unprecedented rhetoric. “‘End the era of mass incarceration?’” says Jeremy Travis, president of the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, echoing Clinton’s speech. “We’ve never heard those words from a presidential candidate before.”

AS THE 2016 HOPEFULS JOCKEY on politics, cash-strapped states are outpacing the federal government on the issue. In fact, declining incarceration rates may be one of the unlikeliest dividends of the Great Recession.

Perhaps most surprising is the case of Texas. A decade ago, Texas’ incarceration rate was second in the nation, and the prison system was expanding so rapidly that it threatened to hobble the state budget. Under the leadership of then-Gov. Rick Perry, the state overhauled its criminal-justice strategy. Since 2007, the state has closed three prisons and shuttered six juvenile lockups, saving taxpayers some \$2 billion, with no adverse public-safety effects. In fact, crime has plummeted by more than 20 percent, now to the lowest level since 1968. Facing punishing austerity, state governments in places like South Carolina and Georgia have followed Texas’ example. “It was terribly important that

this kicked off in Texas," says Norquist. "If they had done this first in Vermont, it would never have gone anywhere."

Though laudable, Perry's reforms in Texas must be kept in perspective. The state continues to operate one of the biggest, most expensive penal systems in the world, housing some 222,000 inmates – a figure narrowly eclipsed by Iran's.

In California, the pace of change is becoming more adventurous. In 2012, voters defanged the state's infamous "three strikes" law, ending life imprisonment for nonviolent third strikes. And last November, state voters adopted Prop 47, a law that defelonized minor drug offenses and nonviolent property crimes – transforming the crimes into misdemeanors.

possession and reduced the unjustifiable 100-to-one crack/powder sentencing disparity. This was both a historic shift – the first federal sentencing reduction for a drug crime since the Nixon era – and a cop-out. Under the new law, crack is still punished 18 times more harshly than powder cocaine. And it took an act of the U.S. Sentencing Commission to make the reform even partially retroactive. But the law did have an impact: By the end of last year, 7,748 federal crack offenders had received reduced sentences, with an average reduction of two and a half years.

The Obama administration has also taken modest executive action to reduce drug sentences. At the direction of Attorney General Holder in 2013, the Justice

past two years, the net federal prison population has shed 4,800 inmates. By the end of this year, it is expected to shrink another 12,200.

IF THE PACE OF CHANGE IS SLOW IN the states and halting from the executive branch, progress in Congress is all but blocked. In a functional legislative branch, a bill sponsored by Utah Republican Mike Lee and Illinois Democrat Dick Durbin called the Smarter Sentencing Act would already be law. The legislation, in line with the wishes of nearly two-thirds of Americans, reforms mandatory minimums for nonviolent drug crime. Offenses that today trigger mandatory sentences of five, 10 and 20 years would be

“THE SUCCESS OF CRIMINAL-JUSTICE REFORM WILL DEPEND ON THE DEPTH AND DURABILITY OF THIS UNLIKELY COALITION BETWEEN THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT.”

This one change will reduce prison sentences for an estimated 40,000 criminals a year, producing savings the state pegs “in the low hundreds of millions of dollars annually.” And this defelonization approach has already inspired similar legislation in states like Utah.

OVER THE PAST GENERATION, the federal prison population grew even faster than the states', swelling 770 percent since 1980. Today, federal prisons hold more than 200,000 inmates – less than 10 percent of whom committed a crime of violence. Half are serving time for drug offenses.

In August 2010, in a swan song for unified Democratic control in Washington, Congress passed the Fair Sentencing Act. The bill eliminated the Reagan-era five-year mandatory minimum for crack

Department engineered a fragile work-around, urging U.S. attorneys prosecuting cases against lower-level, nonviolent drug offenders to simply not identify the quantity of the drug in question, if doing so would force the judge to apply a mandatory-minimum sentence.

Holder also threw his weight behind a reform called “Drugs Minus Two,” which changes the way drug offenses are prosecuted. Under the old guidelines, five grams of methamphetamine was a level-26 offense, punishable by up to six and a half years in prison. Under the new policy, that same drug quantity would be punished at level 24, with a maximum sentence of five years, three months. As mousy as they appear individually, these reforms have created important change: For the first time in 40 years, the federal prison population is shrinking, however modestly. In the

slashed to two, five and 10 years, respectively. A kid busted for dealing a gram of LSD at a Phish concert, for example, would face two (instead of five) years in the clink.

The law would make reduced crack sentences fully retroactive. All in, the bill's reforms would thin federal prison overcrowding from 136 percent to 108 percent of capacity by 2024. The Department of Justice estimates the legislation would save \$24 billion over 20 years.

But in the U.S. Senate, criminal-justice reform faces an implacable foe: Iowa Republican Chuck Grassley has the bill bottled up in the Senate Judiciary Committee he chairs. In a March Senate speech denouncing the Smarter Sentencing Act, Grassley suggested reformers would have blood on their hands by making it harder to use the threat of mandatory minimums to flip street-level drug dealers to

FROM LEFT, THOMAS SHEA/GETTY IMAGES; GU FOSILL/FREE; STEVEN SENNE/AP IMAGES; JASON LAVERIS/FILMMAGIC; NSA, DIGITALLY ALTERED BY “ROLLING STONE”; © GRAMERCY PICTURES; JOE KLAMAR/AFP/GETTY IMAGES; NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR WOMEN

THREAT ASSESSMENT THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE SCARY



WITH US

Hillary campaigns on expanding voting rights.

Georgetown divests from coal.

Lincoln Chafee launches presidential campaign with endorsement of metric system.

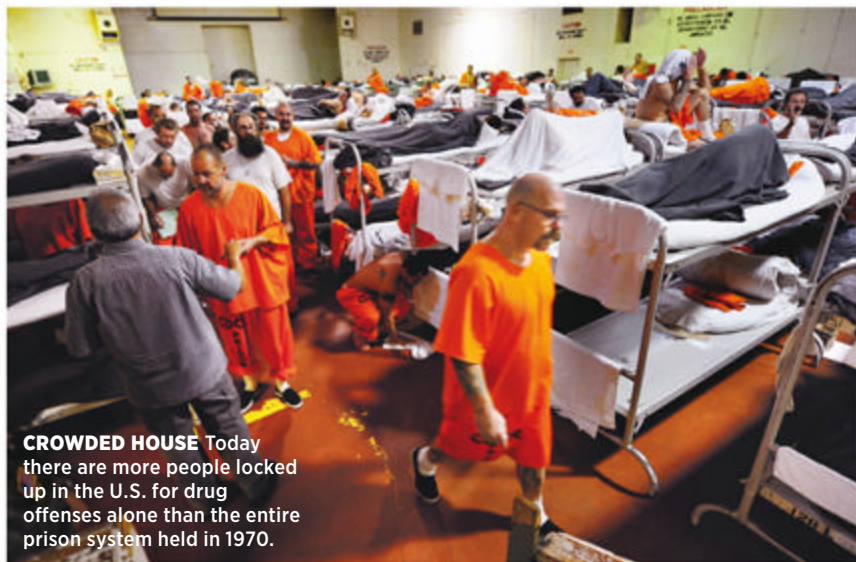
Female Viagra approved.

Patriot Act curbed.

Richard Linklater to release *Dazed and Confused* sequel.

FIFA chief pressured to leave in corruption scandal.

Pro-choicers edge out pro-lifers in Gallup poll.



CROWDED HOUSE Today there are more people locked up in the U.S. for drug offenses alone than the entire prison system held in 1970.

rat out...Al Qaeda: "It would be foolhardy to meet the threat of narcoterrorism," Grassley said, "by cutting drug sentences."

Grassley's intransigence is backed by powerful forces, including an army of federal prosecutors still committed to the drug war. Incarceration in America today has also become a big business. One in 10 inmates is housed in a for-profit facility; Corrections Corporation of America, a leading for-profit jailer, has a market cap of \$4 billion, and a history of collaborating with right-wing policy groups like the American Legislative Exchange Council to promote tough-on-crime legislation. The employees of prisons also form powerful constituencies: The prison-guards union in California has long been one of the most feared political operations in the state. Across the country, distressed rural communities have become as dependent on the local prison for jobs as an earlier generation might have depended on the local factory or mill. "It's just like any other industry," says Travis, the John Jay president.

THE SUCCESS OF CRIMINAL-justice reform will depend on the depth and durability of the unlikely coalition that has gathered behind it.

Reformers on the left are putting money where their mouths are. George Soros recently committed \$50 million to the ACLU's initiative against mass incarceration, the organization's largest foundation grant in its history. The biggest question mark is the commitment of the Kochs – who are reaping an enormous public-relations dividend by standing for criminal-justice reform but have not, in a transparent way, matched their rhetoric with the kind of resources they invest elsewhere in the political system. Koch Industries helps fund the bipartisan Coalition for Public Safety – a group launched with a modest \$5 million budget. The Kochs have also made a "six-figure" grant to the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers to support legal services for indigent suspects.

The Kochs have talked about the issue as a cornerstone of their "freedom framework." But a company executive also admitted this spring that the Kochs' criminal-justice crusade is part of a PR strategy designed to dispel the brothers' reputation as callous oligarchs.

"This has worked out well for the Koch brothers," says Neera Tanden, president of the Center for American Progress, whose organization is warily aligned with Koch Industries on justice reform. The Kochs, she notes, have yet to mount a full-fledged grassroots campaign for prison reform – and in particular the Smarter Sentencing Act – as the brothers have done for other pet issues.

Nor have the Kochs backed off supporting longtime favorite candidates like Wisconsin Gov. Scott Walker. Though he's dabbled in drug courts, Walker stands out in the GOP field as a throwback, tough-on-crime conservative. He built his career seeking mandatory minimums for trivial crimes like drunken boating, and turned Wisconsin into one of the hardest states in the nation to get parole.

Stopping the growth of the prison-industrial complex is one thing. Actually dismantling it will require the focused work of years, if not decades.

Jeremy Travis oversaw the National Academies report on mass incarceration in 2014. He's convinced that change worthy of the name will require bolder, more radical forms of leadership – starting with a state governor brave enough to call for cutting his or her prison population in half in 10 years. "That will be the real stress test," he says, "to the level of bipartisan commitment."

But when it comes to a system that keeps millions under lock and key, even Travis recognizes there simply is no quick fix. "It took us 40 years to get here," he says. "Hopefully, it doesn't take another 40 years to get us out."



AGAINST US

"Run Warren Run" campaign suspended.

Scientists: Actually no "pause" for global warming.

Half of the world's population of endangered saiga antelope die in weeks.

Chris Christie vows to end legal marijuana if elected president.

School employee fired for giving poor kids free lunch.

Texas cop roughs up teens at pool party.

Undercover agents dupe TSA screeners 95 percent of the time.

Texas to allow open carry of handguns.

'A TRILLION-DOLLAR FAILURE'

Celebrated crime writer Don Winslow continues his secret history of the War on Drugs in his disturbing and important new novel, 'The Cartel'

LISTEN," SAYS DON WINSLOW, "it's an angry book." He's talking about his new novel, *The Cartel*, a sequel to 2005's *The Power of the Dog*. Taken together, the books read as a sort of *Game of Thrones* of the Mexican drug wars, a multipart, intricately plotted, blood-soaked epic that tells the story of how America's unquenchable appetite for illegal drugs has brought chaos to our southern neighbors and darkened our own political and criminal culture. *Dog*, which stretches from the Seventies through the turn of the century, traces the rise of the *narcotraficantes* who split Mexico into territories and smuggled cocaine across the U.S. border by the ton. The new book picks up the story as the violence increases and spills out into Mexican society, turning cities like Juarez into Fallujah-like battle zones. But the most shocking thing about these books is that almost all the horror stories Winslow tells actually happened. The characters may be fictionalized, but the events are largely true – from the narcotrafficker who threw children off a bridge to a pubescent hit man, as well as countless murders, kidnappings and tortures. "I didn't want to write *The Cartel*," Winslow says. "I didn't want to go back to that world, and I did it very reluctantly. But then I'm sitting here watching the violence escalate to unimaginable levels and the sadism becomes not only psychopathic but generalized. And I thought, 'I gotta write about this again.'"

I think of these books as not so much crime novels as war novels.

The War on Drugs is a trillion-dollar failure. We spend billions of dollars pursuing drugs and billions imprisoning people that probably shouldn't be in prison. We have troops in Central America chasing drug dealers, we have Special Forces and Marines. Meanwhile, this war has killed a hundred thousand people in Mexico – and that doesn't include 22,000 people missing.

And people in this country barely seem to notice.

We've become conditioned to go, "Well, Mexico is corrupt, that's Mexico." But

I would ask the question "What kind of corruption do we have? What kind of corruption do we have in our soul that makes us the world's largest market for drugs, which is what fuels and funds this violence?"

It almost seems like the War on Terror and the War on Drugs are all part of one big, fruitless conflict.

These ISIS beheadings that we're seeing, that's a direct copy of what the cartels were doing in 2007 and 2008, when they were chopping off people's heads and sending out video clips as tools of intim-



RELUCTANT WRITER Winslow did not want to write *The Cartel*, his second novel detailing the atrocities of Mexico's drug traffickers.

idation or recruitment. The cartels had become so hip to modern communications that they realized that they were not only fighting a shooting war but that they needed to fight a media and propaganda war as well. And that's new in the history of organized crime.

I couldn't understand it until I found out that the Zetas had imported Special Forces veterans from the Guatemalan army, which had fought the "dirty war" in the Nineties against communist insurgents – and one of their things was to cut off heads. So you can literally see the influence come in.

What makes the cartels so effective?

They aren't in the dope business. They're in the territory business, they're in the protection business, they're in the intimidation business. The product doesn't really matter as long as it's illegal in the United States.

One of the most powerful points the book makes is that the War on Drugs might be the defining event of the past few decades, not just for Mexico but also the United States.

I can draw you a direct line between events in Ferguson and Baltimore and Cleveland to the War on Drugs. The hostility between inner-city communities and American police forces begins with the War on Drugs and continues to the point where you get militarized police armed like soldiers, acting like soldiers. So the fruits that we're reaping now are seeds that were planted back in 1971, when Nixon declared war on drugs.

One reason that we were so quickly able to move into the hypersurveillance state in the War on Terror was because we've been practicing it for decades. All those systems are in place. Now the technology has gotten much better, of course.

I assume you must have talked to a lot of people in the DEA world while researching the book?

I'm not gonna name names here, but...

What do those guys think of the way you portray their life's work?

Well, they're in a revolving door. They might make a large bust or some major arrests, but then eventually that victory is meaningless because there is always gonna be more dope.

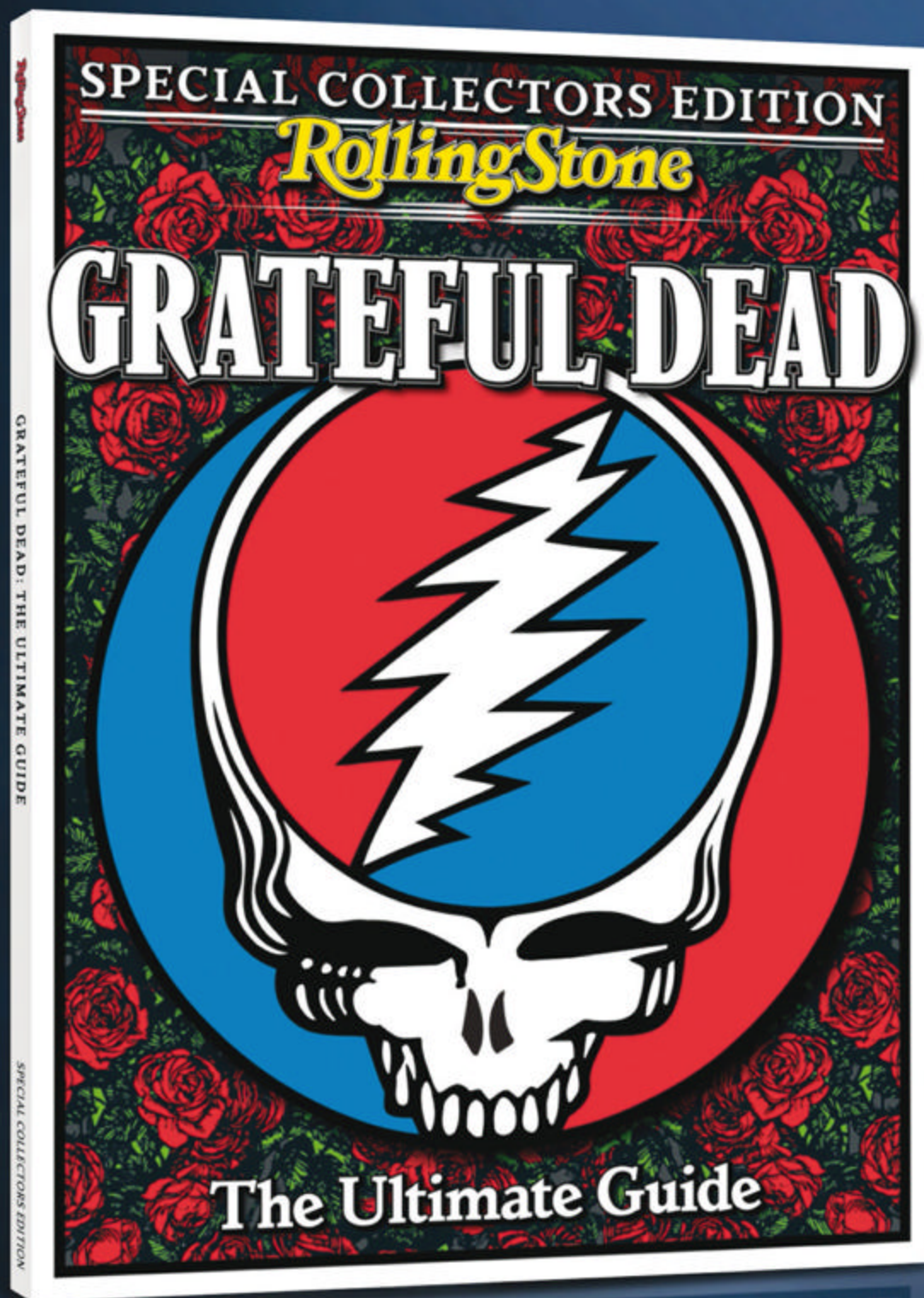
They must get pretty cynical.

I think so. But they see the horrors that these cartels perpetrate. So it becomes a very personal kind of war for them. They want to get justice. I completely understand that.

Do you look forward and see any way things get better?

In Tijuana, there have been more than a hundred killings this spring following a relatively peaceful period. So I'm afraid that we're gonna see another big violent period there now. The new marijuana laws are going to help. But until we have a fundamental change in the way we think about these issues, no, it is not going to get any better. The War on Drugs is more of a problem to the United States than drugs are.

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FROM RUSH



WORKING MEN

Lifeson, Lee and Peart (from left) in April, Los Angeles

IS THIS THE END OF THE ROAD
FOR THE GEEK-ROCK GODS?

BY BRIAN HIATT

PHOTOGRAPH BY
PEGGY SIROTA



WITH LOVE

NEIL PEART DRIVES LIKE HE DRUMS. ON A bright mid-April afternoon in Los Angeles, fresh from a rehearsal with his band, Rush, for what might be their last big tour, he powers his pristine, silver, *Goldfinger*-style 1964 Aston Martin DB5 onto an exit ramp off the 405 at highway speed, slowing not at all – speeding up, maybe – into a sharp, perilous curve. Call it the way of the Peart: daunting technical mastery paired with a penchant for the gloriously excessive. ★ Peart plays an outsize role in Rush, writing the lyrics, serving as the band's designated conscience, taking solos so lengthy and structured that they get their own song titles. To a certain breed of

rock musician, the drummer is a Clapton-in-'66-level god: Dave Grohl wept after meeting him.

Peart is also an amateur auto racer, and something of an off-ramp connoisseur. "Racetracks are designed to make it as difficult as possible to get around that corner fast," he says over the Aston Martin's growl, hands tight on the wheel as he whips through the turn. "And some ramps, by necessity, are that way too. I've been picking out a few favorites – the ramp to Wilshire on the 405 is awesome."

At 62, Peart resembles an off-brand Tom Hanks, with a prominent, florid nose and alert brown eyes. He is tall, dressed in a black T-shirt, black khakis and Prada sneakers; he has ropy, muscled forearms and an athlete's physical ease, despite growing up as a self-described weakling. He is a good deal more personable than you'd expect of a guy who wrote the lyrics to rock's premier anti-schmoozing anthem, "Limelight" ("I can't pretend a stranger is a long-awaited friend"), delivering crisp, all-but-indented paragraphs in a rich baritone. A rigorous autodidact and a gifted, near-graphomaniacal writer, he has penned so many books, essays and lyrics that he can't help deploying conversational footnotes: "When I wrote about that, I said..."

Peart's fans consider him rock's greatest living drummer, and his peers seem to agree: He's won prizes in *Modern Drummer*'s annual readers' poll 38 times. And even those allergic to the spectacle of inhuman chops unleashed upon gleaming, rotating, 20-piece-plus drum kits might consider Peart's talent for rhythmic composition and drama: Rush fans know that his hypersyncopated beats and daredevil fills are pop hooks in their own

right. "Neil is the most air-drummed-to drummer of all time," says former Police drummer Stewart Copeland, Peart's friend, musical influence and occasional jam partner, who points to a core sense of groove beneath the flashiness: "Neil pushes that band, which has a lot of musicality, a lot of ideas crammed into every eight bars – but he keeps the throb, which is the important thing. And he can do that while doing all kinds of cool shit."

"I SET OUT TO NEVER BETRAY THE VALUES OF MY 16-YEAR-OLD SELF," SAYS PEART. "A COMPROMISE IS WHAT I CAN NEVER ACCEPT."

Neil Peart likes to ask himself a couple of key questions. One is "What is the most excellent thing I can do today?" The answers lead him to travel between Rush's shows on a BMW motorcycle instead of a plane or bus (creating scheduling nightmares for the band's management), and to embark upon extracurricular bicycle trips through West Africa and China and Europe. He aims to fill every minute of his life with as much much-ness as possible, which may also help explain all those 32nd notes.

The other query, posed in the face of any moral dilemma, is "What would my 16-year-old self do?" Teenage Neil was a brainy misfit in a middle-class suburb

an hour and a half from Toronto who permed his hair, who took to wearing a cape and purple boots on the city bus, who scrawled "God is dead" on his bedroom wall, who got in trouble for pounding out beats on his desk during class. His teacher's idea of punishment was to insist that he bang on his desk nonstop for an hour's worth of detention, time he happily spent re-creating Keith Moon's parts from *Tommy*. For years, Peart wore a piece of one of Moon's shattered cymbals around his neck, retrieved from a Toronto stage after a Who concert, and his current drum kit includes a sample trigger bearing the Who's old bull's-eye logo.

In their early years, opening for practically every major band of the 1970s, Peart and his bandmates – singer-bassist Geddy Lee and guitarist Alex Lifeson – were disturbed by what the drummer would later describe as the "sound of salesmen." "We would hear them give the same rap to the audience every night," says Peart. "'This is the greatest rock city in the world, man!' That was creepy. I despise the cynical dishonesty." They did get along with the guys in Kiss. "We would get high with Ace Frehley in his hotel room and make him laugh," Lee recalls, "and they were a really good influence on us in terms of learning to put on a show."

They were taken aback, however, by Gene Simmons' and Paul Stanley's unabashed view of Kiss as a product. "I don't want to knock them," says Peart. "But once I was in a little restaurant in Kansas, and a guy with Kiss Army tattoos kept playing Kiss songs on the jukebox. He believed in a marketing campaign, swallowed it as religion. He was like a convert to Scientology."

Ultimately, Peart wants the freaky, purist kid he once was to be proud of him. "It's about being your own hero," he says. "I set out to never betray the values that 16-year-old had, to never sell out, to never bow to the man. A compromise is what I can never accept."

RUSH HAVE SPENT 41 YEARS mastering the art of no compromise. They've superserved their superfans while pretty much ignoring everyone else, and it's all worked out pretty well. There are weirder bands and there are bigger bands, but none quite so weird and quite so big. In each date of their current arena tour, Rush run through their catalog in reverse order, so nearly all of the show's second half is devoted to their Seventies work, showcasing the band in its purest, oddest, arguably most awesome form.

Back then, they had songs so epic that they actually continued from one album to the next, including, memorably, "Cygnus X-1: Book One: The Voyage." They had Lee nailing fierce bass-guitar parts

Senior writer BRIAN HIATT interviews D'Angelo in this issue.

PREVIOUS SPREAD: PROP STYLING BY FRANCISCO VARGAS, LIFESON'S COAT BY G-STAR, SHIRT BY JOHN VARVATOS. LEE'S COAT AND SHIRT BY G-STAR, JEANS BY LEVI'S. PEART'S COAT BY G-STAR, SHIRT BY JOHN VARVATOS.



GRAND DESIGNS

Peart, Lee and Lifeson on tour in 1976. "We're never mean to each other," says Lee. "If we disagree, we pout. That's the Canadian way."

while shrieking like he had an overdrive pedal in his throat, hitting notes that made Robert Plant sound like Leonard Cohen. They had Peart pairing polyrhythms with polysyllables, and Lifeson summoning proto-thrash riffs, classical-gas acoustic bits, ringing chords and increasingly outré leads. They were brasher and louder than their stately prog forebears, Yes and Genesis: Rush sometimes sounded like they had formed their entire style around that one heavy bit in the latter act's "Watcher of the Skies." "We were young," says Peart, quoting himself, inevitably, "and foolish and brave and fun."

As the Eighties approached, Rush discovered concision and synthesizers, recording taut songs that jumped straight into the classic-rock canon: "The Spirit of Radio," "Freewill," "Tom Sawyer," "Lime-light." "When punk and New Wave came," says Peart, "we were young enough to gently incorporate it into our music, rather than getting reactionary about it – like other musicians who I heard saying, 'What are we supposed to do now, forget how to play?' We were fans enough to go, 'Oh, we want that too.' And by [1981's] *Moving Pictures*, we nailed it, learning how to be seamlessly complex and to compact a large arrangement into a concise statement."

Even as their hair got shorter and skinny ties appeared, Rush remained militant about power-trio purity: Lee multitasked, holding down bass and vocals while also

using every available limb to play synthesizers and trigger backing parts – a feat that pushed virtuosity into the realm of circus act. "Every rehearsal, I was screaming, 'I can't do it!'" says Lee. "But it just felt wrong to have another dude onstage with us. We talked about it all the time – we still talk about it! But it's a no-go zone, can't do it." They had their rules, and they kept to them – Peart wouldn't even play the same drum fill more than once in a song.

Rush have had the same lineup for four decades, since Peart stepped in for their original drummer, John Rutsey – a Bad Company fan who was averse to both odd time signatures and U.S. tours – just after the recording of their first album. They've scarcely had an argument the whole time. "We're never mean to each other," says Lee, "so if we disagree, we pout. That's sort of the Canadian way. But we did used to love punching Alex when he said something stupid."

"If any of us were the slightest bit less stable," says Peart, "the slightest bit less disciplined or less humorous or more mean, or in any way different, it wouldn't have worked. So there's a miracle there."

Lately, Rush have been moving ever closer to pop culture's center, with a hit documentary, *Rush: Beyond the Lighted Stage*, and a 2013 induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. But the end is in sight – sort of, maybe. Rush let their manager, Ray Danniel, include a press-release line noting that their current run of dates will "most likely be their last major tour of this magnitude" – a very Canadian version of the splashy farewell outing that promoters wanted. "It's most likely our last tour," says Lee. "I can't say for sure. But it doesn't mean we don't want to work together still, it doesn't mean we won't do another creative project, and I've got ideas for shows we could do that don't involve a tour."

"I don't think we're having much difficulty thinking about it as possibly the last," adds Lifeson, 61, who has health issues and wants to spend time with his grandkids.

Peart has disliked touring since their first month on the road, in 1974, threatening to become a studio-only player as early as 1989. But the drummer's concerns have grown more acute. For one, he's pained by long separations from his five-year-old daughter, Olivia. They're close enough for him to know the name of every character on her favorite cartoon, *Bubble Guppies*. "I realized on the last tour that it's good for her when I'm there, and it's really bad for her when I'm not," says Peart, who moved from his native Canada to L.A. around the turn of the century. Peart and his wife of 15

years, Carrie Nuttall, don't plan on informing Olivia about the tour until the week before it begins. Peart is worried about how she'll react.

As Peart gets deeper into his sixties, he's also questioned his continued physical ability to play Rush shows, a task he's compared to "running a marathon while solving equations." But so far, he's surprising himself. "Everything hurts, but that's fine," he says. "I'm just gratified that I can still do it – at not only the level I would wish to but still getting better."

EARLIER THAT MORNING, THE three members of Rush arrive at Mates Studios, a squat, U-shaped, warehouselike structure in unglamorous Van Nuys that's been a go-to arena-band rehearsal spot since the late Eighties. In a brick-walled room, a Guitar Center's worth of gear awaits them, along with a big black

sistence on doing a month of solo preparation before group practices begin, telling him he's the only man on Earth who "rehearses to rehearse" – now they all do the same. Lifeson, who lives within walking distance of Lee in Toronto, has the simplest method: He blasts Rush songs in his home studio and plays along.

Today, Rush are running through the first set, which begins with songs from their most recent album, *Clockwork Angels*. It's an adventurous concept LP, complete with a full-circle return to sci-fi motifs that Peart had long abandoned. Their producer, Nick Raskulinecz, grew up on the band, and pushed them to re-embrace their Rush-iest aspects, urging Lee to use his highest vocal register, encouraging Peart to throw a drum solo right in the middle of a twisty track called "Headlong Flight."

Playing that song now, Peart is hitting his snare drum so hard that the skin be-

and vigorous use – the guys in those photos may have a bit more traditional rock & roll mystique, but when it comes to oral hygiene, Rush wins.

After lunch, the set list keeps moving back in time, hitting one of Rush's best songs, 1982's "Subdivisions." The lament of a teenager trapped in the suburbs, it was a lyrical breakthrough for Peart, trading fantasy and philosophizing for unadorned emotion. "Nowhere is the dreamer or the misfit so alone," Lee intones, over ominous marching synths and a beat that fights against itself, mirroring the narrator's struggle. "Conform or be cast out!"

Long ago, I was a suburban teenage Rush fan, *Roll the Bones* tour tee and all. It is an intense experience, all these years later, to have the band five feet in front of me, playing that particular song straight into my earphones. "Growing up, it all seems so one-sided," Lee sings, stabbing at a keyboard, his bass hanging at his waist. "Opinions all provided/The future pre-decided." As discreetly as possible, I wipe my eyes – Grohl, for one, would understand.

"A lot of the early fantasy stuff was just for fun," Peart says later. "Because I didn't believe yet that I could put something real into a song. 'Subdivisions' happened to be an anthem for a lot of people who grew up under those circumstances, and from then on, I realized what I most wanted to put in a song was human experience."

"MOST BANDS WERE AFRAID OF RUSH," SAYS A LONGTIME CREW MEMBER. "THEY WERE BEING OUTPLAYED AND HATED IT."

rug bearing the logo of their R40 Tour. Lee is using 26 different vintage basses on the tour: "the history of the bass on parade." Peart is playing two different drum kits, and for the rehearsals, they're right next to each other. One is his gold-plated current setup, with laser-etched logos from late-era Rush albums; the other, for the old songs, is a precise re-creation of his circa-1978 chrome kit, complete with the naked dude from the *2112* back cover on the kick drum.

Peart, who is wearing his usual on-stage hat, a rounded African-style model, finds the old gear challenging. He's a fluid and relaxed drummer now, but was a clenched, scowling presence behind the cymbals in the old days. "This is all thought out, everything comfortable," he says, gesturing to his new kit. "I can play without looking. The old kit, everything's stupid – like I was at that time. 'Ride cymbal over there? That makes sense!'"

Lee shows off his bass-pedal rig, which is really a sort of foot-synth, laid out like piano keys. "Sometimes it's a keyboard," he says. "Sometimes it's a sound-effects machine. Like I don't have enough to do. Dance, monkey boy, dance!"

The opening date of the tour, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, is only three weeks away. "We're still not very good," says Lifeson. "But we're practicing!"

"We're practicing our mistakes," adds Lee. They used to tease Peart about his in-

neath his jaw vibrates. Lee, in dark jeans and a faded T-shirt, plays serpentine lines on a green Fender bass with no apparent effort; Lifeson, in looser, lighter jeans and a gray sweat-wicking tee, is in his own world at stage right, nailing a tricky chord barrage. By the end, Peart is red-faced and wiping himself down with a towel.

The band has a harder time with the heavy instrumental "The Main Monkey Business," bungling the ending. "Close," Lee says.

"Two out of three got it right," says Peart. ("You can't have that in a three-piece band," he notes later.)

"I came in all right and then it got mixed up," Lifeson laments. "There's like a stupid fucking beat put in."

They eat lunch in a break room, where Lifeson, who's attempting a low-carb regimen ("I've always been partial to the protein thing – except when I eat carbohydrates"), opts for a steak. "You're going to sleep through the rest of the set," says Peart, who picks a lighter entree, but then inhales a bowl of ice cream: Drumming burns a lot of calories.

On the yellowish-orange wall are striking portraits of Jeff Beck, Alice Cooper, Prince and Rush's old tourmates Kiss, along with a reproduction of John Entwistle's cover art for *The Who by Numbers*. As the meal ends, a roadie drops off both dental floss and little gum-cleaning sticks, which Lee and Lifeson put to immediate

THIS NEXT SONG FEATURES Minnie Mouse," Geddy Lee informs an empty arena in Tulsa, Oklahoma, adopting a squeaky falsetto. It's a dress rehearsal a couple of weeks later, and Rush just finished the surging 1977 song suite "Xanadu," with both Lee and Lifeson wielding double-necks (Lifeson named one of his "Heavy" and the other one "Bastard"), and Lee attempting high notes that seemed both easy and in excellent taste when he was 23. "You have to get over yourself and just say, 'Well, OK, I'll just get into the period,'" Lee says offstage. "I didn't really know what I was doing back then. I was just kind of screaming. It took me, like, 10 years to learn that there are some keys that are better to sing in."

For all his self-deprecation, Lee is an unexpectedly formidable presence – trim, youthful-looking, unflappably self-possessed, with a hint of steel lurking beneath his affability. "He can be intimidating because he's so smart, and such a man of the world," says Raskulinecz, producer on Rush's past two albums. "In my experience, Geddy is the leader of the band." With his shoulder-length hair, distinctive nose and John Lennon glasses, he's certainly the most recognizable member – even with a cap pulled low, fans interrupt

him a good 20 times as we try to take in a minor-league baseball game in Tulsa.

Lee would have no trouble keeping busy without Rush – he and his wife, Nancy Young, have homes in London and Toronto, and spend a lot of time traveling. He is a serious collector of many things, including art, wine and baseballs. But he is a lot less eager to retire from the road than his bandmates. “I’m definitely the most gung-ho about working,” he says. “With me, mixing is a nightmare – the guys have to rip the fucking thing out of my hands because I keep trying to make it perfect. I love putting shows together, I love playing for people, so I don’t have any doubts in that area. The other guys do have doubts, and they have other demands on their lives that I don’t have.”

“I look at Ged and I see a man who’s 10 years younger than his birth certificate says,” says manager Danniel. “And the other two guys are what their birth certificate says.”

Lee takes note of slights against his band, though his score-settling is gentle. Aerosmith were notably ungenerous to Rush in their opening-act days, denying them soundchecks and lowering their onstage volume. “Most bands were afraid of Rush,” says longtime lighting director Howard Ungerleider. “They were being outplayed, and they hated it.” During Aerosmith’s early-Eighties struggles, the Joe Perry Project opened for an ascendant Rush, and as Ungerleider recalls, Lee told his crew to treat Perry generously, to let him soundcheck as much as he wanted. As the story goes, Lee then stopped by Perry’s dressing room to ask if he was being treated well. When Perry said yes, Lee replied, “Good. Because I would never want anyone to feel the way we did when we opened for you.” (Lee doesn’t recall this precise exchange but says Perry apologized.)

It was Lee who pushed hardest for Rush’s Eighties transformation, after hitting prog overload with 1978’s *Hemispheres*. Among other problems, they wrote and recorded the backing music for the entire album without checking whether Lee could sing over it. “We wrote it in such a fucked-up key,” he says, his frustration still fresh 37 years later. “It was just the worst two weeks of my life recording vocals.”

After that album – which kicked off with the meandering, 18-minute-long second part of “Cygnus,” with Lee singing stuff like “As a disembodied spirit/I am



PRE-LIMELIGHT

Top: Lee (left) and Lifeson at Toronto’s Fisherville Junior High School. Above: 16-year-old Peart in his childhood bedroom.

dead and yet unborn” – the frontman told Peart and Lifeson that Rush needed to start over. “I said, ‘Look, in a way we are becoming formulaic, just like all these bands that we can’t stand,’” he says. “We do the overture thing, and then we do this theme and that theme. So we said, ‘What if we take six minutes and try to do something that’s more tuneful but is still fucked up, with really complicated musical moments that have a different energy?’ That’s when we started ‘Spirit of Radio’ and those kinds of songs.”

Lee has been friends with Alex Lifeson since they were nerdy teens in the Sixties. The guitarist set Lee up with Young, whom he married in 1976. Clearly, Lee has no issues with commitment, though touring strained his relationship with his family until Rush cut out European dates in the

Eighties. “The worst thing you can do in marriage is to look at your partner as your wife or your husband,” says Lee. “We decided to treat each other as if we were still boyfriend and girlfriend. That subtle bit of semantics helps a lot, I think.”

Lee, born Gary Lee Weinrib, is the child of Holocaust survivors, and he traces some of his drive to his parents’ legacy. They met in a Polish work camp around 1941, and had fallen in love by the time they were both imprisoned in Auschwitz. “They were, like, 13 years old,” Lee says over a late-night beer in a sleepy Tulsa bar, “so it was kind of surreal preteen shit. He would bribe guards to bring shoes to my mom.” As the war went on, his mother was transferred to Bergen-Belsen, and his father to Dachau.

When the Allies liberated the camps, his father set out in search of his mom. He found her at Bergen-Belsen, which had become a displaced-persons camp. They married there, and immigrated to Canada. But years of forced labor had damaged Lee’s father’s heart, and he died at age 45, when Lee was 12. Lee’s mother had to go to work, leaving her three kids in the care of their overwhelmed, elderly grandmother. “Had my dad survived,” says Lee, “I might not be sitting here talking to you – because he was a tough guy, and if he didn’t want me to do something, I may not have done it. It was a terrible blow that I lost him, but the course of my life changed because my mother couldn’t control us.”

Lee turned his basement into a band-practice space, even though his grandma’s kitchen was down there too. “My grandma hated it,” recalls Lee’s younger brother, Allan Weinrib, a video producer and documentarian who’s in charge of Rush’s elaborate tour videos. “That was not a good situation at all. One time, it was literally so loud that it rattled glasses off the shelves, which shattered into her chicken soup.”

Lee’s mother was devastated when her son announced that he was dropping out of high school to play rock & roll. In some ways, he’s still making it up to her. “All the shit I put her through,” says Lee, “on top of the fact that she just lost her husband. I felt like I had to make sure that it was worth it. Like, why did I do all that to her? I wanted to show her that I was a professional, I was working hard, that I wasn’t just a fuckin’ lunatic.”

The memory of Lee’s father is a driving force in its own right. “My dad missed all

the fun," he says. "All that work and all that grief, and he got ripped off at an early age. I think that's why I just want to keep playing, and also why I travel so much. While I have my faculties, I want to enjoy everything there is, see as much as I can, just make the most of life."

BACK IN L.A., PEART STOPS AT a traffic light and spots a sad-eyed, sunburned woman begging by the side of the road. He makes a habit of giving to the homeless ("People ask, 'Why don't they just get a job?' They couldn't get a job"), so he asks me to hand the woman 20 bucks. "I'll pay you right back," he says.

"Thank you so much!" she says. "Now, what kind of car is this?"

Peart arrives at a gated little building a couple of miles from his home that doubles as an office and a garage for his vintage-car collection. In addition to the Aston Martin, he owns a Jaguar E-Type, a Corvette, a Maserati convertible and a Lamborghini Miura, all from the Sixties and all silver, save for the Lambo, which is banana-yellow. "I call them the silver surfers," he says. "Because all they do is drive up and down the coast."

He pours us each a glass of Macallan 12, on the rocks. (When the jazz drummer Peter Erskine, who has given Peart lessons in recent years, asked his student if he applies ice after Rush concerts, Peart replied, "Yeah, I apply ice to my whiskey.") We settle on a couch in the corner by his plain metal desk, where a plaque reads IT IS WHAT IT IS. The nearby coffee table is stacked with copies of Peart's 2014 travelogue, *Far and Near*, a recent *Clockwork Angels* comic-book adaptation and a booklet commemorating the adventures of his racing team, Bangers N' Mash. The walls are covered with car posters and photos Peart has taken on his travels.

In the Seventies, Peart rankled the rock press with an affinity for libertarian hero Ayn Rand – he cited her "genius" in liner notes, and critics promptly labeled Rush fascists. Rush's breakthrough mini-rock opera, 1976's *2112*, is, in part, a riff on Rand's sci-fi novel *Anthem*. There's nothing wildly controversial about *2112*'s pro-individuality message: It's hard to imagine anyone siding with the bad guys who want to dictate "the words you read/The songs you sing/The pictures that give pleasure to your eyes." But Rush's earlier musical take on Rand, 1975's unimaginatively titled "Anthem," is more problematic, railing against the kind of generosity that Peart now routinely practices: "Begging hands and bleeding hearts will/Only cry out for more." And "The Trees," an allegorical power ballad about maples dooming a forest by agitating for

"equal rights" with lofty oaks, was strident enough to convince a young Rand Paul that he had finally found a right-wing rock band.

Peart outgrew his Ayn Rand phase years ago, and now describes himself as a "bleeding-heart libertarian," citing his trips to Africa as transformative. He claims to stand by the message of "The Trees," but other than that, his bleeding-heart side seems dominant. Peart just became a U.S. citizen, and he is unlikely to vote for Rand Paul, or any Republican. Peart says that it's "very obvious" that Paul "hates women and brown people" – and Rush sent a cease-and-desist order to get Paul to stop quoting "The Trees" in his speeches.

"For a person of my sensibility, you're only left with the Democratic party," says

"A LOT OF THE EARLY FANTASY STUFF WAS FOR FUN," SAYS PEART, "BECAUSE I DIDN'T BELIEVE I COULD PUT SOMETHING REAL INTO A SONG."

Peart, who also calls George W. Bush "an instrument of evil." "If you're a compassionate person at all. The whole healthcare thing – denying mercy to suffering people? What? This is Christian?"

Peart himself is not a Christian, having doubted the existence of God since he was a small child: "I sang the hymns and I read the Bible stories, but I was always perplexed, like, 'Really? Jesus wants you for a sunbeam? For a what?'" In explicitly atheistic songs like "Freewill," he mocked those who "choose a ready guide in some celestial voice." And 1991's "Roll the Bones" posits a chillingly random cosmos, where unlucky children are "born only to suffer": "We go out in the world and take our chances/Fate is just the weight of circumstances.... Why are we here?/Because we're here/Roll the bones."

Peart has softened on his unblinkered rationalism in the past couple of decades, especially in the face of unbearable twin tragedies. On August 10th, 1997, Peart's 19-year-old daughter, Selena, died in a single-car accident on the long drive to her university in Toronto. Just five months later, Selena's mother – his common-law wife, Jackie – was diagnosed with terminal cancer, quickly succumbing. "Jackie

received the news almost gratefully," Peart wrote in his harrowing memoir of that time, *Ghost Rider*. Peart told his bandmates to consider him retired, and he embarked on a solitary motorcycle trip across the United States, seeking meaning and solace.

Peart remarried in 2000 and reunited with Rush by 2001. But "Roll the Bones" came to mind more than once in his years of darkness. "God, that song," he says, over dinner at a Brazilian steakhouse near his home. "What it came to represent. I mean, 'Why does it happen?' When something really shitty happens, of course immediately you look to why. I went all supernatural: 'Somebody must have put a curse on me, I must have done something really horrible, God must be mad at me.' I had to sift through all of that shit again looking for meaning."

But he still prefers the "because it happens" explanation to the one where fate's horrors are all part of some divine plan. "Do yourself a favor," he says. "Don't ever say to me, 'Everything happens for a reason.' 'Cause you'll be dead."

Peart suddenly remembers that he was going to repay me the 20 bucks from earlier. I wave him off, saying I'd rather keep the karma. "Yeah, right, ha ha, karma," he says. "Again, that's something I used to believe in. Every Christmas I had pages of charities that I contributed to, and I would show my daughter who we're giving to and why, as a karma thing." He looks me in the eye. "Until I found out it didn't work."

"Finding generosity again was a huge gift," he adds. "Because I had a time where I was like, 'I hate everybody. Why are you still alive? You should be dead.' And then I said, 'If I'm gonna live, I'm not gonna be that guy.'"

CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT, WITH Rush's tour kickoff less than 24 hours away, Alex Lifeson is kneeling on a relocated couch pillow by the open window of his hotel room, exhaling pungent weed smoke into the humid Tulsa air. (If you're in Rush and you want to get high, you do so considerably.) He breaks into a violent coughing fit. "Well, that's the thing with this pot these days," he says, passing the joint. "It's so expansive in your lungs." The streets below us are post-apocalyptically empty. "It's busy in town tonight," Lifeson says.

Earlier that night, over a pleasantly boozy dinner, I ask Lifeson if weed has helped him write Rush's music. "Maybe just 80 percent of the time," he says, roaring. "I find that smoking pot can be a really great creative agent." (Lee quit pot in the early Eighties; Peart says, "I like marijuana, but I'm not going to be the poster

child for it.”) “But when you’re in the studio and you’re playing, it’s sloppy,” Lifeson continues. “And cocaine is the worst, for everything. If you want to feel your heart pounding on your mattress at 7:00 in the morning when the birds are chirping, it’s perfect. It’s awesome. What do kids do now for drugs?”

Lifeson was a fan of Ecstasy in the early Nineties, and hadn’t heard that it’s called Molly now. “I’m glad you told me, just in case,” he jokes. “My wife is a totally non-drug person, but for some reason I talked her into it. We cranked the music and we were dancing, and then we talked for hours

animal than his bandmates. “He is nothing if not spontaneous,” says Lee. “He’s one of the most underrated guitarists – for years, he would never show up in any of the guitar polls. I think ‘cause so much of his brilliance is so subtle, like his invention of chords, and his unusual choice of notes.”

Lifeson has faced some serious health crises. He receives injections for psoriatic arthritis, and he was hospitalized for anemia from bleeding ulcers a few years ago, receiving blood transfusions. For years, too, he had considerable trouble breathing, feeling like he could never

THE NEXT NIGHT, RUSH FINALLY launch their tour, and all of their meticulous rehearsal is immediately thwarted by their fans’ enthusiasm: The crowd is so crazily loud that the bandmates can’t hear themselves in their monitors. “All our settings became obsolete,” Lee says, cheerfully enough, between sips of champagne in a black-curtained backstage room after the show. As is his habit, Peart zipped off on his motorcycle the moment they finished, but the other guys and the crew stayed behind to celebrate.

“Months of preparation meant nothing,” Lifeson adds with a shrug.

But they appreciated the fervor. “There was a guy in the second row during ‘Xanadu,’” says Lee. “I thought his head was gonna pop off and roll away. He couldn’t fucking contain himself! I thought he was gonna have a heart attack.”

During the show, Lee introduced the *Permanent Waves* track “Jacob’s Ladder” as “a song we’ve never played live.” “Ged is never wrong,” says his brother – but in this case he was, flagrantly so: Not only had Rush played the song, as fans instantly pointed out online, it’s on a live LP, 1981’s *Exit...Stage Left*. Lee can’t quite believe he made this flub; perched on a couch, he begins looking up Rush trivia on his phone. “I fucked up,” he says, eventually. “I have no memory of ever playing ‘Jacob’s Ladder.’”

Lifeson takes on the voice of an aggrieved fan: “I fucking hate these guys! They’re liars!”

I suggest that Lee continue to tell crowds that they’ve never played the song, just to drive the fans nuts. He warms to the idea. “I should say, ‘People are insisting we played this before – they’re full of shit!’”

Lifeson does a Cartman-as-Geddy voice: “I’m Geddy Lee, and if I say we didn’t play it before, we didn’t play it before!”

They’re still enjoying themselves, these old friends, and it suddenly feels unthinkable that this is the end. Peart seemed nearly giddy onstage, throwing in extra stick twirls, breaking into a wide grin during “Xanadu.” It turns out his daughter reacted better than he’d imagined to the news of the tour. “I think Neil is feeling more optimistic,” says Lee, “because everything seems easier than he expected.”

For his part, Lee couldn’t bring himself to end the show with a real goodbye. “Thank you for 40 amazing years, we so appreciate it,” he yelped, after the band completed its backward journey with its first hit, “Working Man.” Just before leaving the lighted stage, Lee peered out from behind his glasses at 19,000 expectant faces and offered a tiny bit of solace: “We hope to see you again sometime.”



COUNTDOWN

In Dallas in May. “It’s most likely our last tour,” says Lee. “I can’t be sure.”

about deep personal stuff for what seemed like the first time, even though we’d been married for years. We were going through a bit of a difficult time in our relationship, and that opened up a lot of doors.”

Like Lee, Lifeson is the son of immigrants, in his case from Yugoslavia. At 16, he got his girlfriend, Charlene, pregnant with their first child (they married five years later, and are still together) – which added some urgency to succeed with the early incarnation of Rush. “It was certainly a concern,” he says. “But I always had a backup in plumbing.” He channels his dad’s Slavic accent: “‘You could make good money in plumbing!’ I used to go with him on jobs. He’d pick me up after a bar gig at 1:30, then I’d go work with him through the night on some plumbing job till 8:00 in the morning. Then he’d take me home and then he’d go to work.”

In keeping with his personality – perhaps best demonstrated by a Hall of Fame acceptance speech that consisted entirely of the words “blah blah blah” – Lifeson is a more instinctual and untamed musical

quite fill his lungs. When he underwent recent ulcer surgery, his doctor discovered the problem. “My stomach was behind my heart, pushing against my lung,” he says. Everything is now back in place, and he’s thrilled at the prospect of playing shows without gasping for air.

In the hotel room, Lifeson picks up his PRS acoustic guitar – his own signature model – and plays for a long while, eyes closed, seamlessly unwinding a series of chiming, pastoral chords and driving, *Led Zeppelin III*-like riffs. None of it sounds like anything in Rush’s catalog. “This is what I do,” he says. He did the same last night, returning to his room after a three-hour Rush rehearsal to make more music. “I sat down and played guitar here, drunk and high, for an hour. It’s cool, but it’s kind of crazy. I’m so lucky, honest to God. I can sit and play for hours for my own enjoyment. It has nothing to do with Rush. It’s just a pure exercise of joy.”

The Second Coming of D'Angelo

How soul's lost superstar reclaimed his mojo and finally released the epic 'Black Messiah' *By Brian Hiatt*

D'ANGELO IS A MORNING person, of sorts. When he's working in the studio, as was often the case in the 14-year interregnum between 2000's *Voodoo* and 2014's *Black Messiah*, he quits his all-night recording sessions just in time to greet each day's sunrise. "I'm definitely on the night shift," he says, drawing deep on one of a series of Newport cigarettes, not long after midnight in the midtown Manhattan studio where he recorded much of *Black Messiah*. He's wearing a denim shirt unbuttoned over a white undershirt, dark jeans and leather boots. Dog tags bearing the names of his three children hang from a chain around his neck. He looks weary, though he woke up not long ago. It's his first interview since he released

one of the most universally acclaimed albums in years, an album that seemed as if it might never come out at all. ✱ D'Angelo could well be the most singular, visionary star to emerge from – and then transcend – R&B since Prince. His music, stuffed with live instrumentation and harmonic sophistication, is suffused with the sound and spirit of Sly Stone, Miles Davis, Jimi Hendrix and Marvin Gaye, among many others. But if Prince has been prolific to a fault, D'Angelo has had the opposite problem: It took him five years to follow up his first album, 1995's *Brown Sugar*, thanks in part to writer's block and label problems. But *Voodoo* was a stone classic, with the Roots' Questlove and session bassist Pino Palladino helping him create a swampy, hip-hop-informed mélange of black music's past and its possible future. His nude beefcake video for the slinky "Untitled (How Does It Feel)" was an MTV and BET smash, making him a sex symbol. (Friends said it haunted him as he slipped out of shape in the years to come.) And then, aside from a few guest appearances, silence.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT WATSON



D'Angelo's heavy-lidded eyes are warm, with flashes of wariness. He's quick to laughter, and radiates disarming gratitude at the slightest compliment. He can be vague when the subject turns to why his album took so long, mostly blaming major-label turmoil, though a cocaine and alcohol problem that culminated in a 2005 car crash and rehab stays didn't help. He's also a perfectionist, and *Black Messiah*, with its dizzying layers of vocals, guitar (much of it played by D'Angelo himself, who mastered the instrument during his break), strings and keyboards, is the rare album that seems to have benefited from endless tweaking – it manages to be simultaneously lush and abrasive, bracingly modern and soothingly retro.

D'Angelo, who turned 41 in February, is clearer on what pushed him to finally release the LP: He had lyrics that dealt powerfully with police violence and black despair, and the protests in Ferguson made him realize it was time. "I was like, 'Man, I gotta fuckin' contribute. I gotta participate,'" he says. "And I'm done trying to be a perfectionist about it."

But in the rush, he released only a portion of the album he envisioned. So even as a June tour looms, he's back in the studio now to try to finish what he's hoping will be an expeditious follow-up, working with leftover tracks from the same sessions. His gear is in his preferred room, the way he likes it: his custom-made electric guitar, a vintage drum machine, a bass, a gleaming black piano; and in the far corner, a fabric tent where he likes to huddle when recording vocals ("my little tepee," he calls it). On the floor are boxes from his vinyl LP collection, heavy on gospel vocal groups.

D'Angelo grew up in Richmond, Virginia – his father, a preacher, was mostly out of his life by the time he was nine. But the church loomed large in his upbringing – a child prodigy, he was backing the choir on piano each Sunday at age five. His initial musical fascinations were gospel and the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack, until he heard Prince: "It was love at first bite."

The interview continues a couple of days later in a private room booked by his high-powered manager, Kevin Liles, in an exclusive cigar club, the Grand Havana Room. D'Angelo shows up cheerfully at midnight for a 9 p.m. appointment, looking freshly showered and caffeinated. This time, he wears a Kangol cap at a jaunty angle and a shirt that says AFRO PUNK. We talk until the club shuts down, then drive aimlessly in an Uber looking for a new location. He makes small talk, big-up-

ping an HBO documentary on Fran Lebowitz and expressing the desire to buy a Pono, before finally coming up with a destination: the studio, once again.

People were wondering if you were ever going to release a new album. Was that a question in your own mind, though?

No one knew what the fuck! [Laughs] But for me, it wasn't a question, not at all. I had a little anxiety of how it would be received, but I knew it was coming.

The song "Back to the Future (Part 1)" feels like a reintroduction to the world.

When I wrote it, I envisioned it being the first thing people would hear, because it kind of tells the story of where I've been: "So, if you're wondering about the shape I'm in/I hope it ain't my abdomen that you're referring to." It was kind of like me answering some questions, without real-

"The music business is a crazy game, especially for a purist like me. It's a fine line between sticking to your guns and insanity."

ly being asked. Not just for everybody, but also for myself.

The trippy strings on that song have a "Sgt. Pepper's" vibe.

Wow, thank you! The Beatles are a major influence for everybody, but when I was writing that song, I was very heavy into them – I was fucking around and doing covers of my favorite Beatles songs, experimenting with shit like that. I also really was digging *America Eats Its Young* at the time, which was one of the only Funkadelic albums that utilized strings.

The "Charade" lyrics – "All we wanted was a chance to talk/Stead we only got outlined in chalk" – got a lot of attention for their timeliness.

It just shows how ongoing this shit is, because I wrote that even before the Trayvon Martin thing happened. It's crazy that we're still in the streets protesting the same shit. That song was just about the state of society in general – when I say, "A chance to talk," that means a chance to come to the table and exercise rights that are supposed to be ours already. Me and [co-writer] Kendra [Foster] were reading a lot of [James] Baldwin around that time.

How did you end up with such a richly layered album?

The best way to describe the process is very much like a sculpture. You're just constantly chipping and chipping away at it. I'll work on something for a minute, and, once I feel like I'm starting to fixate on it, I put it away and go to another one. I jump around a lot. I play pretty much everything on all of the songs, and after I'm done with the blueprint, then I'll bring in my guys. Or there are times when it's just me and Ahmir [Questlove], and he'll come up with the drum pattern, and I'll sit around and write the music. Then when Pino comes in on the bass, he can mirror my left hand on the keys in such a way where it's hard to tell the difference even amongst ourselves.

Can we attribute the delay of the album, ultimately, to your substance issues, or was it much more complicated than that?

The shit that happened in my personal life didn't help, but it wasn't just about that. There were moving parts – management changes, record-company changes. Virgin Records went defunct, and before that, they went through personnel changes. Back in the day, the executives actually gave a fuck about music – that's the biggest change. The music business is a crazy game, especially for somebody like me who is really a purist about the art. Trying to balance the pressures of commercialism, it's a tightrope. It's a fine line between sticking to your guns and insanity.

What was the label hoping for?

The label wanted a Voodoo part two. At one point, after *Voodoo*, I was early in the process of working on new music that would eventually be on *Black Messiah*, and I let the label know where I was at with it. The music was pretty ahead of the curve, and they weren't ready for that. They had these young college kids coming in as A&R, trying to tell me, "You should get so-and-so to produce this track, or you should get so-and-so to spit 16 on this." I remember walking out of a meeting like, "Fuck you, fuck this!" The biggest factor in all of it was money. They cut off funding, and I had to go on the road to generate money on my own to fund the recording.

What was the course of your friendship with Questlove through all of this?

For the most part, it's just love. There were peaks and valleys – we're brothers, and brothers fight. When Dilla died, it hit all of us. [Editor's note: Voodoo collaborator J Dilla died in 2006, of complications from lupus.] It scared the shit out of me, actually, enough that I really felt my own mortality. I think Ahmir was afraid for me at that point, and sometimes when you feel like that, I guess you don't quite know how

Senior writer BRIAN HIATT wrote the Hulk cover story in May.

to express it, and there was silence. I just had to go through it and get to the other side of it. And thank God I did.

Ferguson aside, how did you know the album was done?

It was time. Everyone was in the streets, so we sat down with the team and did some soul-searching and decided to put it out. But if it were left entirely up to me, it wouldn't have come out. I had to get out of my head. Because there were so many songs that I wanted people to hear.

Were you originally thinking of, like, a 36-song triple-LP thing?

It wasn't *that* long! [Laughs] But it was longer than what *Black Messiah* ended up being. What I'm working on now is like a companion piece. I hope people receive it that way. It's part of the same vision.

The political songs got the most initial attention, but there's a lot of other things going on there.

Well, a lot of the songs that people didn't hear really take on those themes even more directly than the songs that are on *Black Messiah*.

So you could have hit people with something that was kind of like...

Almost like a beating over the fucking head [laughs].

There's rarely a lead vocal by itself on this album – you surround your voice with harmonies. What is that about for you?

I grew up teaching parts to choirs, and I love a whole group of voices singing as one. When I was young, I had an "aha" moment in church. There was a thing called testimony service, and somebody would sing a song, and everyone else would join in, finding a note where they fit. During one of those, a light went on in my head. In that moment, I heard everything – Parliament, the Staple Singers, Curtis Mayfield, Prince – in there. That sound came out of the slave ships, straight from Africa, like in *12 Years a Slave* when they're singing "Roll Jordan Roll." That's why that shit resonates. I can just think about that and get chills. So when I got my first four-track recorder and started multitracking my own voice, that was the first thing I aspired to reproduce.

You had people from your church telling you not to play "the devil's music" – that goes back to the days of Sam Cooke.

I never believed it. They were trying to make me afraid of something I just wasn't afraid of. And my grandmother, who was like a saint, never said that to me. Just the contrary. She would say, "Go out there and do your thing."

Someone like Marvin Gaye saw spirituality and sexuality in conflict, but Prince seems to see them as one thing.

That's the correct way to look at it to me. Marvin might've been more conflicted because he was brought up that way. I see making love as a form of worship.

How did you start doing R&B in a hip-hop context?

To me, it's not melding the two worlds so much as it is exposing where they meet in the middle. To me, Teddy Riley did it with New Jack Swing, which was the

wasn't good. The video was just a great accompaniment.

What's your general feeling about race relations? How much optimism do you have?

I'm an idealist. So in that respect I'm very optimistic. At the same time, awareness is the biggest thing we're missing. When I say "we," I mean us as black folk. When I was coming up, popular tastes bent toward consciousness – the Rakims of the world, and the Public Enemys, and the Boogie Down Productions. Discovering

Malcolm X was trendy. So if there's things in the world you want to change, you first have to make those changes within yourself. I hate to sound like a Hallmark card, or like "Man in the Mirror," but that really is the truth [laughs].

But what should be done in the face of entrenched racism and institutional corruption? What can artists do?

The first and best thing is to speak about it and sing about it. Aretha Franklin was as important to the civil-rights movement as Malcolm X and Medgar Evers. Artists can choose to take on the tremendous amount of responsibility we have, or choose to ignore it. I can't knock a motherfucker for not singing what I feel like I should sing. But I know it's time for me to say it.

At the same time, your live show isn't all that political.

I never want to feel like I'm preaching. I do feel music is a ministry, but I'm not trying to make myself Bob Marley or nothing like that [laughs]. Motherfuckers get themselves in trouble that way – when you put yourself on that pedestal, people don't expect you to be human.

What do you make of current hip-hop? No comment [laughs]. I like Kendrick Lamar. I like that album.

There's a striking commonality between "Black Messiah" and "How to Pimp a Butterfly."

Mm, that's dope. He's jacked into the roots, he respects the lineage. The timing of both was kind of uncanny – it was almost a sign: Motherfuckers are making some shit that's relevant to the times.

What do you want the next few years of your career to look like?

I want to do what Yahweh is leading me to do. Do I know fully what that is? No, I don't. I'm trying to keep myself open, my heart open, to receive and to know what that is. But I do want to put a lot of music out there. I feel like, in a lot of respects, that I'm just getting started.



"VOODOO" CHILD

"I'm at peace with it," says D'Angelo (pictured in 2000) about his nude video for that year's "Untitled (How Does It Feel)." "It wouldn't have raised eyebrows if the song wasn't any good."

bread-and-butter of my high school band Precise. And when I started making hip-hop beats and digging in the crates, I heard things that made me know that shit was there – the Meters and Band of Gypsies sounded like brand-new hip-hop to me. So I started putting the dots together. And my quest was always to take it a step further.

There's a perception that you were deeply bothered at being shown as a sex object in the "Untitled (How Does It Feel)" video.

I'm at peace with it, and I feel there's been too much made out of it. Any issues I may have had were me thinking that it wasn't about the song – that it was all about me appearing in the nude. But now I think people gravitated to how sexy and beautiful the song was. It wouldn't have raised the eyebrows it did if the song

What's Killing the Babies of Vernal, Utah?

A fracking boomtown, a spike in stillborn deaths and a gusher of unanswered questions

BY PAUL SOLOTAROFF

EVERY NIGHT, DONNA YOUNG GOES TO BED WITH HER PISTOL, a .45 Taurus Judge with laser attachment. Last fall, she says, someone stole onto her ranch to poison her livestock, or tried to; happily, her son found the d-CON wrapper and dumped all the feed from the troughs. Strangers phoned the house to wish her dead or run out of town on a rail. Local nurses and doctors went them one better, she says, warning pregnant women that

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN McCABE





Young's incompetence had killed babies and would surely kill theirs too, if given the chance.

"Before they started spreading their cheer about me, I usually had 18 to 25 clients a year, and a spotless reputation in the state," says Young, the primary midwife to service Vernal, Utah, a boom-and-bust town of 10,000 people in the heart of the fracked-gas gold rush of the Uintah Basin. A hundred and fifty miles of sparse blacktop east of Salt Lake City, Vernal has the feel of a slapdash suburb dropped randomly from outer space. Half of it is new and garishly built, the paint barely dry after a decade-long run of fresh-drilled wells and full employment. "Now, I'm down to four or five ladies, and don't know how I'll be able to feed my animals if things don't turn around quick."

Young, a fiftysomething, heart-faced woman with a story-time lilt of a voice, cuts a curious figure for a pariah. She's the mother of six, a grandmother of 14 and an object of reverence among the women she's helped, many of whom she's guided through three and four home births with blissfully short labors and zero pain meds. And the sin for which she's been punished with death threats and attacks on her reputation? Two years ago, she stumbled onto the truth that an alarming number of babies were dying in Vernal – at least 10 in 2013 alone, what seemed to her a shockingly high infant mortality rate for such a small town. That summer, she raised her hand and put the obvious question to Joe Shaffer, director of the TriCounty Health Department: Why are so many of our babies dying?

In most places, detecting a grave risk to children would inspire people to name a street for you. But in Vernal, a town literally built by oil, raising questions about the safety of fracking will brand you a traitor and a target. "Me and my kids are still cautious: If someone kicked in my front door tonight, it'd take an hour for the sheriff to get here," says Young, whose house on 60 acres is well out of town and a quarter-mile clear of her closest neighbor. "The first person they'd meet is me on the staircase, pointing that .45 dead at 'em. And I know how to use these things – I can nail a coyote in the pasture from 100 yards."

Prodded by Young and the concerns she pushed along, which made their way through channels to state officials, TriCounty Health announced a study in 2014 to assess Young's concerns over the infant mortality rate. But Young, backed up by experts in Salt Lake City, believed the study was designed to fail. She says that any serious inquiry would have started with Suspect One: the extraordinary levels of wintertime pollution plaguing the Basin since

the vast new undertaking to frack the region's shale filled the air with toxins. The county merely counted up infant deaths and brushed aside the facts about Vernal air pollution: ozone readings that rivaled the worst days of summer in New York, Los Angeles or Salt Lake City; particulate matter as bad as Mexico City; and ground air fraught with carcinogenic gases like benzene, rogue emissions from oil and gas drilling. Indeed, pollution was so bad in this rural bowl that it broke new ground in climate science. For decades, experts believed that life-threatening smog occurred only in or near big cities. But the Basin, which is bound on all four sides by mountains, is a perfectly formed bowl for winter inversions, in which 20-below weather clamps down on the valley and is sealed there by warmer air above it. During those spells, when the haze is visible and the air in one's lungs is a cold chisel, the sun's rays reflect off the snow on the ground and cook the volatile gases into ozone. The worst such period in the Basin's recent history was the winter of 2012-13, when nearly all the Uintah mothers whose babies died were pregnant.

Other key information was available to TriCounty, including multiple recent studies that link mothers' exposure to toxic air with fetal disasters of all kinds, including stillbirths, birth defects and developmental syndromes. But four months after he announced the study, Shaffer retired as TriCounty's chief; six months later, the department's findings were released. The deaths were deemed "not statistically insignificant," Sam LeFevre, an epidemiologist with the Utah State Health Department who conducted the study for TriCounty, told an assembly of concerned Vernal citizens. When pressed on possible causes for the deaths, he suggested the health problems of mothers, citing smoking, diabetes and prenatal neglect among the Basin's residents. LeFevre made it clear he was sympathetic to the crowd's concerns. "I know what it's like to lose a pregnancy," he announced. "My wife's had eight, and only four live births."

Which raises a question you might ask in a state whose legislature is so rabid for oil and gas money that it set aside millions to sue the federal government for the right to drill near Moab

and Desolation Canyon, some of the state's most sacrosanct places: How many dead infants does it take before you'll accept that there's a problem?

IN JANUARY 2001, DAYS AFTER taking office as the 43rd president of the United States, George W. Bush convened a closed-door task force to confront the country's addiction to foreign oil. Since the early 1970s, American motorists (and administrations) had ridden the loop-de-loop of peak demand: shortages, price spikes and the market manipulations of OPEC's billionaire princes. Two-thirds of the crude being refined here for gas arrived on overseas freighters, and the industry's bids for new offshore formations were blocked by an executive order from Bush's father. A bold plan was called for, including "environmentally sound production of energy for the future." Or so went the rhetoric in the announcement that heralded the group's formation. But Bush named Dick Cheney, the former CEO of Halliburton, to lead the effort – "Can't think of a better man to run it," he said – and any hope for a rational, climate-sparing program went up in a flare of hydrocarbons.

The vice president sat down with supplicants from the fossil-fuel sector and gold-star donors to his campaign. For months, he or his small staff met in secret with the likes of James Rouse, the then-vice president of Exxon Mobil Corp.; Enron's

Kenneth Lay; Red Canavan, the then-president of the American Petroleum Institute; and dozens of lobbyists and senior executives from the coal, mining, electric and nuclear sectors. What Cheney sent the president, four months later, was a policy essentially written by the barons themselves: a massive expansion of domestic drilling on federally owned lands; tens of billions of dollars in annual subsidies to Big Oil; and wholesale exemptions to oil-and-gas firms from environmental laws and oversight. In essence, Cheney's program turned the Department of the Interior into a boiler-room broker for Big Oil, and undercut the power of the Environmental Protection Agency.

Cheney's plan was such a transparent coup for Big Oil that it took four years, two elections and the Republican capture of both

"Fracking moved the oil patch to people's backyards, increasing pollution in small towns," says an NRDC analyst. "It brought the health problems we see in cities to rural America."

Contributing editor PAUL SOLOTAROFF wrote about police corruption in March.



THE MIDWIFE

After Young spoke to the media about the infant deaths, she received threats and now goes to bed with her .45 by her side.

houses of Congress to make it to Bush's desk as legislation. Along the way, the bill gained a crucial addendum, known today as the "Halliburton loophole": a carte-blanche exemption from the Safe Drinking Water Act for an emergent technique called fracking. A form of extraction dating back to the Civil War, when miners used nitroglycerin to blow holes in oil-soaked caves (a subsequent version, in the 1960s, used subterranean nukes to fracture rock), fracking has since evolved into a brute but nimble method for blasting oil and gas deposits that couldn't be recovered by conventional derricks, at least not at a rate that made them profitable.

The process, perfected and marketed by Halliburton, shoots huge amounts of fluid at very high pressure down a mile or more of pipe to break the rock. That fluid, a trademarked secret called "slickwater" that has toxic solvents, is mixed with a million

gallons of water, roughly a fifth of which come barreling back as wastewater. It's a desperately dirty job, marked by horrors of all kinds: blowouts of oil wells near houses and farms; badly managed gas wells flaring uncapped methane, one of the planet's most climate-wrecking pollutants.

Then there's pollution of the eight-wheeled sort: untold truck trips to service each fracking site. Per a recent report from Colorado, it takes 1,400 truck trips just to frack a well – and many hundreds more to haul the wastewater away and dump it into evaporation ponds. That's a lot of diesel soot per cubic foot of gas, all in the name of a "cleaner-burning" fuel, which is how the industry is labeling natural gas.

"Fracking moved the oil patch to people's backyards, significantly increasing the pollution they breathed in small towns," says Amy Mall, a senior policy analyst for the Natural Resources Defense

Council. "Basically, it industrialized rural regions, and brought them many of the related health problems we were used to seeing in cities."

Mall, who had just moved to Colorado when the frack rigs arrived, en masse, in 2006, soon began hearing anguished reports from communities overwhelmed by dirt and fumes. At first, it was all direct-symptom stuff: bloody noses, coughs and rashes, migraine headaches and such. Eventually, though, worse news came from Garfield County, where gas drilling exploded, figuratively and otherwise, in the rural western slope of the state. Residents with cancers and neurological disorders; people passing out from exposure to chemical leaks; wells that blew out and would burn all day, while more than 100 million cubic feet of gas leaked into Divide Creek, which flows to the Colorado River. "It's the long-haul exposure that nails you – I watched people get progressively sicker," says filmmaker Debra Anderson, who shot a documentary in Gar-

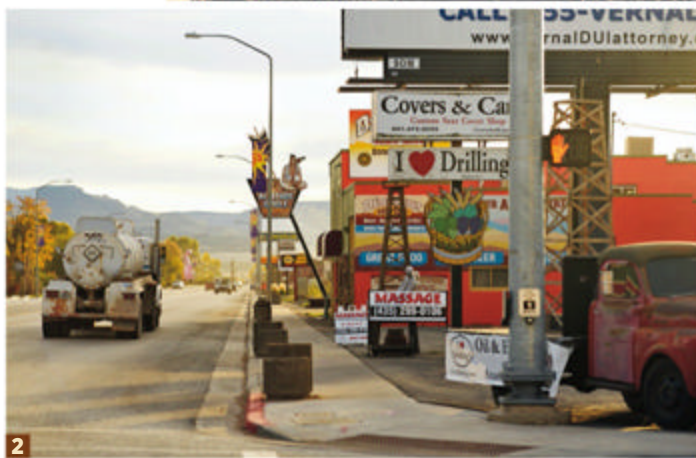
field County that recorded the devastation of towns with names like Silt and Rifle; her film *Split Estate* won an Emmy and became essential viewing in Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, as the frackers moved east. "As

soon as it aired, we were deluged with calls from communities," she says. "Same story, same symptoms, different town."

Workers found dead atop separator tanks from exposure to wastewater fumes. Cows birthing stillborn calves on ranches near well-pad clusters. Children with cancers – leukemia, lymphoma – in places with no known clusters. "For a while, all we had were anecdotal reports, which the industry bashed as 'bad science,'" says Miriam Rotkin-Ellman, a senior health scientist for the NRDC. "But in the past few years, there's been a torrent of studies finding worrisome air pollution stemming from oil and gas sites. The impacts of this pollution are *regional*, not just local, meaning it can make you really sick from miles away," and that the people most susceptible to its toxic effects are the ones at either end of the life spectrum: "fetuses and the elderly."

In some of these communities, leaders came forward to seek help and information from county officials. What came back, over and over, though, was ringing silence, as health-department representatives shrugged and hung up. "In Karnes County alone, we had two blowouts last week, one that covered everything in a coat of oil and methane, including people's homes and livestock," says Sharon Wilson, the state organizer in Texas for a national nonprofit called Earthworks, which helps small communities, like Karnes City in southeast Texas, fight back against billionaire drillers. In another disaster, a well leaked methane for days, but when Wilson called the Texas Commission on Environmental Quality, she was told that they wouldn't send an inspector because she didn't "live in the area." "I told him I was only calling because the residents there tried to, but couldn't get a response from him." (A spokeswoman for TCEQ told *ROLLING STONE* that since "Ms. Wilson is not a resident [of Karnes County], she has limited ability to document nuisance conditions," adding that they'd previously conducted investigations in the area.) Karnes is a poor and sparsely inhabited place, but even in-lying suburbs of Dallas – towns like Denton and Irving and Arlington – are quickly discovering how little recourse they have once the frackers come to town. The new governor, Gregg Abbot, signed a bill that quashed the rights of municipalities to ban fracking within their boundaries, after Denton's townspeople voted thunderously to do so. That freed that town's drillers to go back about their business – digging wells across the street from preschools and hospitals, and snaking gas pipes around people's houses. "State governments have fallen down on protecting the public," says Sharon Buccino, a senior lawyer for the NRDC. "The upshot is that towns have lost control of their future. They no longer have a say in what happens there."

Except for the rare leaders who have said no to frackers – New York Gov. Andrew Cuomo, Vermont Gov. Peter Shumlin – Big Gas has been on a 10-year joyride unlike any in American annals. There are now more than 1 million active oil and gas wells in the country, and our oil companies posted profits of \$600 billion during the Bush years. President Obama, who promised to cap and trade emissions while building out America's post-oil future, instead has presided over the breakneck expansion of fossil-fuel drilling. Under his watch, U.S. production has risen each year – up 35 percent



TOXIC WASTE

(1) Fracking operations truck their liquid refuse to evaporation ponds, where it dissipates into the air. (2) In the past decade, Vernal, Utah, has been a fracking boomtown. (3) The surrounding area, the Uintah Basin, is now home to more than 11,000 oil and gas wells; but with the rush has come a steep spike in pollution.

for oil, 18 percent for gas – and enabled the country to barge past the Saudis as the world's lead producer of oil and gas. (He also broke his word to end tax cuts for oilmen; those subsidies are up nearly 50 percent since he took office.)

Whatever Cheney's doing now, he must look upon his handiwork and smile. OPEC has lost its whip hand over oil prices, SUVs are selling off the lot again, and Obama takes victory laps because we now produce more oil than we import. Glad tidings for all – except the people in more than 30 states who wake up to the thump of fracking rigs. To them, the message from Washington has been tacit but final: You folks are on your own out there.

IT WAS NEVER DONNA YOUNG'S plan to raise a racket about fracking. She grew up around coal mines and bears no brief against the grunts who work the rigs and the men who own them. "I've got one son commuting to North Dakota" to work a rig and "another who's done every job there is, from tearing down



the rigs, putting them on flatbeds and driving 'em clear back from Kansas," she says. "I believe we can live with drilling – as long as the politicians make sure it's done responsibly."

But then, nothing in Young's life has gone to plan – not that she minds the left turns. The impulse to become a midwife at 39, then move back to Utah nine years later so she could help her ailing father run his ranch – it's all been improvised and guided by feel. She was born in Moab to a Mormon family, raised around horses and miners and men on old tractors who came home reeking of cow shit. Her fa-

ther was a range rider for the Bureau of Land Management who bred and trained racehorses on the side. When he retired to Idaho, Young joined her folks there and opened a health-food store. A mother of two, she earned a degree in naturopathy, then found her true vocation, birthing babies. "I'd been working with lots of people, some cancer patients and chronically sick people, and here were these clients who had a clean slate – or would have, if their moms had ate healthy. I thought, 'Oh, this is what I'm put here to do. Bring 'em into the world with no drugs or toxins, then teach the moms to raise them that way.'"

She put together a method that was two parts nutrition to one part personal trainer. "From the git-go, my girls give up flour, milk, sugar, soda, caffeine and anything microwaved – and they know I'll urine-test them to check." They exercise for at least an hour each day and do floor work to bring the baby's head down to the proper position for birthing. "I don't have patients, I have athletes – and you should see the kids that come from them."

After 20 years and hundreds of births, Young has every reason to be proud. But in the fall of 2013, her client Caren Moon was pregnant with her third child and not doing well in the first trimester. She was cramping a lot and feeling weak; Young ordered bed rest and a natural progesterone cream to help with the bouts of mild bleeding. Moon was up on her feet again shortly, chasing after her toddlers, both birthed by Young. Then, the week before Thanksgiving, an early snowstorm led in a cold-air inversion. Moon felt ill again, took to bed, and lost the pregnancy while her house was filled with holiday guests. "It was right in that period of heavy ozone," Moon says. "I thought we'd taken all the precautions."

The Moons live on Bonanza Highway, a major conduit between Vernal and the oil fields due south. All day and into the night, massive trucks barreled by, farting CO₂ and diesel soot that hung over the yard like clouds of no-seesums. Five minutes east, her friend Melissa Morgan was also struggling to keep her baby. "I got pregnant about the same time Caren did, and was sick with all the stuff that she had – bleeding, cramping, feeling bad when I went out," says Morgan. "There was a horrible, thick haze hanging around here for

weeks. You could see it when you drove up the mountain and looked back at just this blanket of gray...yuck."

Morgan spent weeks on bed rest while women from her church cooked and looked after her kids. The baby, her fifth, somehow made it to term, but weighed nearly a third less than her previous four and was in and out of doctors' offices until she was eight months old. "It's a miracle she's here at all," says Morgan. "When I saw the placenta, it was small and deformed, like it had used up all its tissue to protect her."

HEARD SOME VERSION OF THAT tale all over town. Avery Lawton, a radiant redhead, was pregnant that winter with her second child, but the fetus wasn't growing. It was so frail at 30 weeks that an obstetrician told her it could die during labor, and she should deliver at the hospital and not at home. Defying him, she went for a second, and third, opinion; her daughter, almost two now, was born with a rare and profound vision disorder, for which she wears Coke-bottle goggles.

In all the years Young has delivered babies, she says this was her first with a birth defect – and four more followed in 15 months. A girl with a shredded epiglottis, choking her when she tried to feed; a boy born tongue-tied and with a club-foot; a girl born tongue-tied and lip-tied as well, preventing her from latching onto her mother's breast. All required surgeries days after birth. Still others were born tiny or with mangled placentas – but at least they were alive and intact.

In May 2013, Young delivered a girl who was pink and fully formed; the child never took her first breath. She came out of her mother and collapsed in her arms; Young performed CPR, then raced her to the Ashley Regional Medical Center while the mother remained at home. She called 911 on the way, and a uniformed officer escorted her into the emergency room. Efforts to revive the child proved useless, however, and Young, who was heartsick and staggered by the loss, decided to join the mother at home. But a staffer, Young claims, wouldn't let her leave the building. She says he put Young and her daughter Holt, a 15-year-old who often accompanies her during the births,

in a room. ("We did not prevent Ms. Young from leaving our hospital," a spokeswoman for ARMC said via e-mail. "Police on-site who were gathering information may have, but no one from our hospital was involved in that.") After an hour, Young says, she was let go at the insistence of the dead infant's father. She got home at 5 a.m. and wept and paced her bedroom well past sunup.

At 10 a.m. that day, a detective drove out and interrogated Young. She explained how a typical home birth happens and took him through the evening step by step. At the end, he concluded she'd done nothing wrong and declared the matter closed from his end. Devastated, she joined the bereaved parents at the graveside that week. There, at Rock Point Cemetery in Vernal, an acquaintance pulled her aside and whispered, "This isn't the only baby to die this year." She led Young to a pair of fresh-dug graves; two newborns had been laid to rest there since the first of the year. Young went home and combed through online obits: four other babies from Vernal or close by had died already that year. It was a shockingly big number for a small town.

Then she plotted the coordinates of the dead, and another bolt went through her. Three of the babies, including the one she'd just lost, were from moms who lived or worked near the intersection of 500 West and 500 South, a four-way stop sign that bottlenecks traffic and forces big-rig drivers to brake-start-brake, which drapes the block in shrouds of hydrocarbons. "Looking back, there were red flags," says Young. "Every time I'd visit for a checkup, I'd come back with a splitting headache and my eyes and nose running."

Five more babies would die that year, bringing the body count to at least 10 in Vernal; three more were lost in towns nearby. Young searched back to the start of the decade. In 2010, there were two, about average for a small town, then one in 2011 and four in 2012, including one whose mom worked at the senior facility on that smog-bound corner. And then the big jump in 2013, on the heels of a historic run in production that began a decade earlier. The Uintah Basin alone was home to more than 11,000 wells – that's an enormous concentration of soot and volatile organic compounds (VOCs) drifting into Vernal, then sitting there; in that inversion-filled winter, the VOC count was equivalent to 100 million cars' exhaust. Reached for comment about the region's pollution, Kathleen Sgamma, vice president of public affairs at the Western Energy Alliance, a trade association for the drillers, said, "We acknowledged that the emissions were our responsibility, [and] have worked with the state to reduce them." Asked about a link between those toxins and infant deaths, Sgamma said

Big Gas has been on a 10-year joyride: There are now more than 1 million active wells in the U.S., and the industry has posted profits of \$600 billion.

that “the epidemiologist showed there was not enough data to find the cause, and to make the jump you’re making is not supported.”

By June 2013, Young had seen enough. Accompanied by Bo Hunter, her 23-year-old son, she paid a call on Joe Shaffer, the TriCounty health director. She didn’t know these mothers or their medical histories – so had no idea what was killing their babies – and acknowledges that the cause may never be determined. But she was acutely fearful for her other clients’ babies and wanted Shaffer’s advice on keeping them safe. She and Hunter say she’d barely broached the subject of infant losses when Shaffer admitted he too had concerns about the air quality in Vernal and the effect it might have on area families, including his own. (Shaffer, who retired in the summer of 2014 and hasn’t spoken publicly since he left, was reached by phone at his home but declined to comment.)

Frantic now, Young called a local advocacy group, who connected her with Dr. Brian Moench. Moench, an anesthesiologist in Salt Lake City who co-founded Utah Physicians for a Healthy Environment, is a cross between Bill Nye and Bill McKibben, a science-geek activist and erudite spokesman for a growing clean-air coalition. With the roughly 350 doctors in Utah he’s recruited to the cause, he and his colleagues gathered dozens of studies about pollution and its long- and short-term damage to the unborn. “What we know now,” he says, “from several blue-ribbon studies, is that the chemicals Mom inhales in industrial zones are passed to her baby through the umbilical cord, exposing them to many complications. We also know these toxins like to live in fat cells – and the brain is the largest fat reservoir in a developing fetus.” At Moench’s urging, Young ordered her clients to stay in on bad air-quality days, and to equip their homes with high-end filters that trapped both soot and gases. Finally, in May 2014, LeFevre, the state health official, met with the TriCounty Health Department to present his proposed method to study the deaths. It would not, however, look at environmental factors; this was strictly about the statistical significance of the infant deaths. That might have been the end of it if not for Moench. He looped in a contact at *The Salt Lake Tribune*, who sent a writer down to cover the announcement. For the next two days, the *Tribune* ran page-one stories about Young’s efforts to learn the truth about those deaths.

That’s when some people in Vernal started to turn on Donna Young. The phone calls went on for months. Several times a week she’d pick up the phone to snarling curses and personal accusations that she was “trying to bust up the economy.” Staffers at Ashley Regional Medical Center trashed her to clients, she says, and de-

nounced her in online comments as a baby killer. (The ARMC spokeswoman denies this, adding that “if anyone employed by our facility said this, it was not on behalf of our hospital.”) Ben Cluff, its CEO, threatened Young with legal action for “[communicating] inaccurate information regarding the number of infant deaths at our facility.” When Young took Avery Lawton for an ultrasound there, both women recall that a staffer told Young that everyone was out to destroy her, “and it’s political.”

IT’S SAD BUT UNSURPRISING that Young would get pushback from a town that leans on oil as much as Vernal. Since crude was first pumped in this High Plains town shortly after World War II, its fortunes have tracked the price point of gas, riding its fluctuations up and down. Then along came the fracking boom, which extracted fossil fuels at rates undreamt of 10 years back, and Vernal was suddenly awash in real money. Virtually the whole west side is newly constructed, with big-box chain stores, midrange hotels and three brewpubs serving the rough-necks who rent the prefab townhomes. Oil money helped fund the new City Hall, as well as the 32-acre convention center, one of the largest such spreads in the West. There’s the juice bar hawking T-shirts that say I HEART DRILLING, the July 4th parade featuring girls on derrick floats and the yearly golf tourney called Petroleum Days.

So it’s moot to expect much Green Party ferment from a place where boys quit high school in boom years to work the rigs at 16. But where are all the worried parents? “A huge number of my kids have breathing problems – it averages six or seven in every class,” says Rodd Repsher, a health teacher at Uintah High who hails from Pennsylvania. “Come January, they’re out sick for a week at a time. I never saw anything like it back home,” says another teacher, who relocated from the Northeast.

I met the two teachers at a town-hall forum led by Moench and three of his colleagues from Salt Lake City. Though they’d papered the town with fliers about the forum – a primer on pollution and ways to protect your family from it – and invited the mayor, Sonya Nelson, and the three Uintah County commissioners, only 40 people showed up at the

Vernal Junior High School auditorium. Several were Young’s clients and their husbands and kids. Young was there, too, along with her daughter Holt. As a precaution, she’d brought a bodyguard.

In an easy-to-follow slide show about the air in the Basin and its calamitous level of pollution, Moench and his fellow doctors, two of them obstetricians, spent an hour and a half building a brick-by-brick indictment against the effect of those toxins on fetal neurons. “Think of them as bullets to developing brain cells,” said Moench. “They either kill some of those cells, alter them or switch them off, blocking their connections to other cells.” Citing a wave of new studies that link inhaled contaminants to everything from diabetes and obesity to ADD, he added that babies “are being born now pre-polluted. Lower IQs, less serotonin, less white-brain matter: We’re literally changing who they are as human beings.”

As Moench spoke, I heard grunts and impatient stirring from a plump man sitting behind me. He introduced himself to me as Bill Stringer, one of the three Uintah County commissioners. In the 10 years before he took office in 2014, Stringer ran the Vernal branch of the Bureau of Land Management. Under him, the outpost grew from a single-story affair to one of the busiest licensing offices in the country. Stringer and his staff approved nearly three times the number of permits per year as his predecessor did. They granted “every application put before them,” says Stan Olmstead, an inspector for the BLM who quit in dis-

gust under Stringer. “We couldn’t do site inspections; anyone with integrity up and left.” (Stringer tells *ROLLING STONE* Olmstead has it wrong. He says his office performed the inspections required by law, and that Olmstead, an environmental inspector in the field, had no direct knowledge of permits granted or rejected by the Vernal office. When pressed, however, Stringer could cite no example of a permit being denied to area drillers.) According to *The New York Times*, Stringer’s office worked to quash a government study of the impact of drilling on Vernal’s air. He fought, instead, for an industry-backed assay, which found “no unacceptable effects on human health.” That was in 2009; months later, the Basin posted horrifically high readings of ozone and CO₂.

“What we know now is that the chemicals Mom inhales in industrial zones are passed to her baby through the umbilical cord,” says one Utah doctor.

Asked what he'd thought of the doctors' presentation, Stringer dismissed it as "apples-to-oranges" science. "We have much more reliable research in town," he says, naming two environmental scientists at the local campus of Utah State University. When pressed for details about their findings, he turned to leave. Seth Lyman and Marc Mansfield, the scientists Stringer mentioned, agreed to talk about their ongoing study of air quality in the Basin. They concede that the region has an ozone problem, particularly near the gas fields in the low-elevation areas south of town, and agree that there have been established health risks associated with this contamination, such as low birth weights and an increase in asthma symptoms. However, they question its impact on stillbirths in Vernal, noting that in 2010 and 2011 there were many high-ozone days, without a significant jump in dead infants. "Ozone here is a long-term problem, and a lot of work has to be done," says Lyman. "But a lot of smart people here are working on solutions."

FORTIFIED BY those tidings, I drove out to inspect a massive evaporation pond 12 minutes west of town, accompanied

by Moench and his associate Tim Wagner, the executive director of Utah Physicians for a Healthy Environment, who'd brought air-testing canisters to measure emissions. When water bolts back to the surface after fracking, it's laced with gases and salts and chemical waste, and it has to be trucked, in the hundreds of thousands of gallons, to disposal sites. There, the fluid sits and dissipates, the sediment sinking as the water thins – a process sometimes assisted by giant misters – until nothing is left but a bog-thick sludge, which is scooped up and trucked to landfills. If the pond dries slower than the company receives waste, they simply dig a new one beside it.

Then once *that* pond fills, they dig another, then another, and another, and so on. Seen from the air, these waste ponds resemble a kid's watercolor tray, though the water turns shades not seen in any paint tube: Imagine melanoma as a liquid. Generally, the ponds are set back hundreds of yards from the desert roads, but their stench wedges into your car's interior no matter how tightly it's sealed. On the several occasions I drove to Young's place, I was sickened by the fumes of a pit en route.

Across the country, there have been disastrous spills of wastewater into rivers and streams, and illegal dumping in an aquifer. Last winter, millions of gallons polluted Yellowstone River, dumped from

up a half-mile path from our car, stepping over cow shit and shed deer antlers. We smelled the pond well before we reached the rise: a molten stench that stabbed the back of our noses and burned our eyes bloodshot on contact. A cyclone fence surrounded the pit, but the gate at the north end was unlocked and unmanned. (La Point declined to comment for this story.) Holding jackets over our mouths, we crept across the deck so that Moench could hook a particle counter to the fence. The air now was a shock wave of solvents that sent us scrambling for higher ground above the pit. Looking down from our perch on a sandy bluff, we saw the evap pond in its immensity: a green-black sheet so thick with sludge its surface didn't ripple in the breeze.

"The solvents you're smelling, they can travel for miles – and there were about 50 of these pits at the height of the boom," said Wagner.

I did a quick accounting in my head: a half-million gallons of waste from each of thousands of wells, either hauled to ponds like this or pumped to underground pits. Add to that more than 2,000 wells that have been granted but not drilled yet – nearly all of them approved by the Vernal field office. Where will all that poison go, and who will still be here to breathe and drink it?

A COUPLE OF WEEKS

later, Young called me with horrible news: "Four of my five ladies lost their babies. Four miscarriages in just two weeks! How'm I s'posed to do this anymore?"

I asked her what she thought might have caused this spate of losses. "They all live in town and said their water tasted bad, so I went to their houses and took samples." She tested the water with a monitoring device used by drillers; most of the batches tested were positive for extreme toxicity from hydrogen sulfide, H₂S, one of the most deadly of the gases released by drilling. Exposure to it has killed a number of rig workers over the past few decades. In high enough concentration, just one breath is enough. In much smaller amounts, H₂S can cause miscarriages – and the amounts Young says she found were more than 7,000 times the EPA threshold for safety.

"I know I have to call somebody, but who?" Young says. "Who is there to trust in this town?"



THE FRONTLINE

Dr. Moench (top) says fracking pollution may be to blame for the stillbirths. Utah health official LeFevre (above) led the study on the deaths.

leaky pipes in North Dakota. Untold gallons from evap ponds have fouled streams and springs in Pennsylvania; that state recorded 53 spills in 2014 alone, and fined one offender, Range Resources, more than \$4 million. These aren't small runoffs that seep through soil and spit fire from some ranch hand's spigot. These are industrial crimes that can potentially taint the drinking water for millions of people downstream.

Stunningly, though, the feds gave the industry a pass when, this June, a five-year EPA study found no systemic contamination of drinking-water sources by slickwater fluids used in fracking. But in the next breath, it cited case after case where *precisely* that had happened, then said it couldn't gauge the frequency of such events because the industry hadn't furnished essential data: the quality of the water *before* they started fracking. The result: Activists and industry both claimed victory, and the EPA called for more study.

It was with a healthy dram of fear, then, that I took the red-dirt road to the La Point Recycle and Storage pond. We hiked

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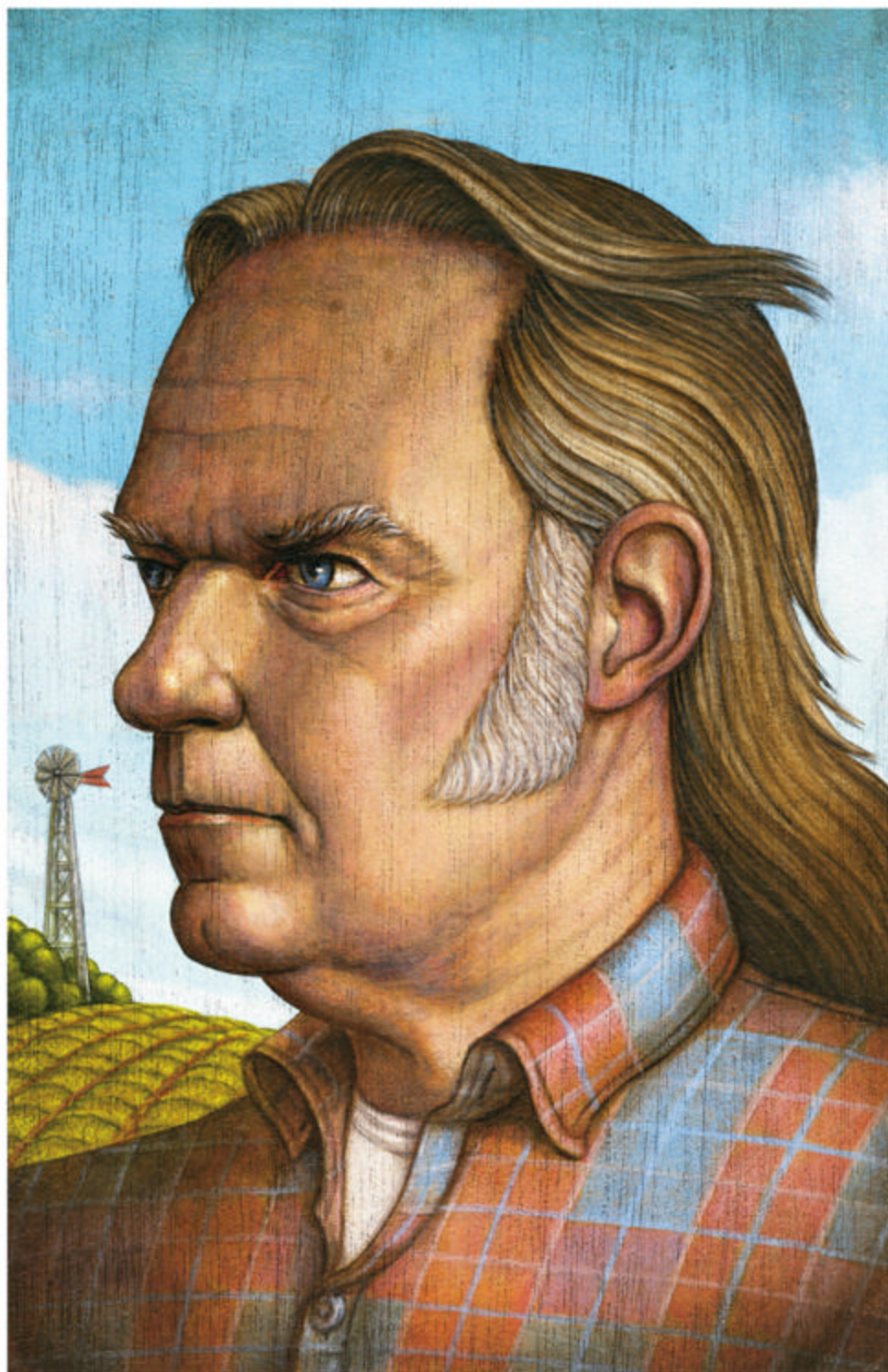
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Neil Young's Beef With Big Agro



Young's new album is a quick-and-dirty broadside against GMOs and corporations



Neil Young and Promise of the Real

The Monsanto Years Reprise

★★★

BY JON DOLAN

Neil Young has been sounding the alarm about environmental issues for more than four decades. He warned us to "look at Mother Nature on the run" in "After the Gold Rush," way back in 1970, a few months after the first Earth Day. He's stayed on message through records like 2003's *Greendale*, on which he pleaded, "We got to save Mother Earth," and 2009's *Fork in the Road*, an ad for his alternative-power LincVolt car. But he's rarely driven his point home as vehemently as on *The Monsanto Years*, a jeremiad against the agrochemical behemoth of the title and what he sees as American farming's Frankenstein future. "From the fields of Nebraska/To the banks of the Ohio/Farmers won't be free to grow/What they want to grow," Young sings at one point. If the imagery evokes Woody Guthrie, the righteous rock & roll fire is pure Neil.

This album's origins are appropriately organic. Last year at Farm Aid, Young jammed with Willie Nelson's sons, guitarist Micah and singer-guitarist Lukas, who fronts the rootsy band Promise of the Real. It went well enough that soon Young invited them out to California to bash out this set of protest folk coated in Crazy Horse-

style grunge. It's pretty loose, even by Young's rough-and-ready standards; the guitars on "Rules of Change" shudder into gear like a combine harvester that hasn't had a tuneup since CSNY's first tour, and the album's softer moments are especially craggy and brittle.

Anything more polished would defy the album's intentions. This is garage-to-table grousing for a genetically engineered world, a landscape where you're supposed to see some weeds. Young's lyrics often sound like advocacy journalism or posts to a Daily Kos comments thread: "When the people of Vermont/Voted to label food with GMOs/So that they could find out what was in/What the farmer grows/Monsanto and Starbucks, through the Grocery/Manufacturers Alliance/They sued the state of Vermont/To overturn the people's will," he proclaims on "A Rock Star Bucks a Coffee Shop," a jaunty rant with a whistled refrain. On the dire rocker "Big Box," Young sings about how the Supreme Court's 2010 *Citizens United* ruling gave corporations the same rights as people. On "People Want to Hear About Love," he takes shots at the music business for churning out shallow love songs rather than meaningful music about the supposed links between pesticides and autism.

These songs are powerfully felt, even if they probably won't end up getting within sniffing distance of Young's towering canon. At 69, his idealism is itself a natural wonder, and there's a warmth and beauty to his performances even when he's at his angriest. On the acoustic ballad "Wolf Moon," Young's voice creaks like a rusty hinge as he big-ups the land for withstanding "the thoughtless plundering." It's almost as if the Earth is an old buddy going through hard times, and he's taking it out for a beer. That kind of honesty has always been at the heart of his music. It's the warts-and-all passion that inspires us to hang with Young down any road he wanders.

LISTEN NOW!
Hear key tracks from these albums at RollingStone.com/albums.

Pageant queen: Musgraves



A Nashville Rebel Comes Into Her Own

Kacey Musgraves follows up her hit 2013 debut with a sharper, more confident LP

Kacey Musgraves *Pageant Material* Mercury Nashville
★★★★½



With 2013's *Same Trailer Different Park* and "Follow Your Arrow," Kacey Musgraves became not just a breakout star but a figurehead for a generation overhauling country's whole approach – something like Lena Dunham with pedal steel and big hair. Her follow-up is more calculated and confident, intent on both courting and bending the mainstream with wit and timeless arrangements. It misses some of *Trailer*'s storytelling wistfulness and formal experiments – but track for track, it's stronger, an object lesson in Nashville songwriting.

Musgraves and her A-list co-writers (including Shane McAnally, Brandy Clark and others) deliver enough needle-point homilies to launch an Etsy business. On haters: "Pissin' in my yard ain't gonna make yours any greener" ("Biscuits"). On the music biz: "Another gear in a big machine don't sound like fun to me" ("Good Ol' Boys Club"). On sketchy relatives: "They might smoke like chimneys but give you their kidneys" ("Family Is Family"). Songs like the title track allude to Musgraves' whiplash fame, but she dodges any second-album slump with weed jokes and homegirl charm. And as a stellar hidden-track duet with Willie Nelson ("Are You Sure") demonstrates, she's earned that fame, every inch.

KEY TRACKS:
"Biscuits,"
"Are You Sure"

WILL HERMES



Donnie Trumpet and the Social Experiment

Surf The Social Experiment
★★★★½

Freewheeling Chicago crew's warm, jazzy vision of love

Chance the Rapper's 2013 mixtape *Acid Rap* marked him as one of the brightest new voices in hip-hop. For his next move, he's swerved left, collaborating with a crew of Chicago pals led by Nico Segal (a.k.a. Donnie Trumpet) on a warm, evocative pop-soul-jazz album that comes straight from the heart. Segal's horn parts and orchestration often provide the most charm – see the sublime paired tracks "Nothing Came to Me" and "Something Came to Me." Elsewhere, Chance stands out on the goofy "Wanna Be Cool," and guest appearances from veterans like Erykah Badu and newcomers such as Migos' Quavo add extra spice to this sweet treat.

BRITTANY SPANOS



Palma Violets

Danger in the Club Rough Trade
★★★★

English punk dudes get lovably sloppy on their second album

Palma Violets came straight out of London in 2013 with a rollicking live show, a solid debut (*180*) and an endearing, Clash-y spirit. They can sound a little spoiled on their second album, griping about America with a snickering antipathy that hardly feels earned. Then again, these guys' re-enactment of the soccer-job side of Seventies punk and pub rock is plenty idealistic – from the drunk-gang choruses to the Sixties garage-R&B mimicry to the splash-and-burn surf moves. The sense of sloshed brotherhood really comes through on the standout track "English Tongue," which leaves you with the happy image of the Palmas passed out under a tattered Union Jack.

JON DOLAN

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REISSUES

Europe Meets the Ramones

Ramones *Live at German Television: The Musikladen Recordings* Sireena ★★★★★



On September 13th, 1978, the Ramones made their live European television debut to a studio audience of young Germans – seated at tables. The effect on the DVD that comes with this rip-pin' artifact on CD or LP (you need a region-free player) is like watching high schoolers waiting for someone to bring lunch. You also see at least one row of bouncing souls, mesmerized and sure to start new bands the next day. The Ramones, with new drummer Marky, play like they're in a cleaner CBGB, tearing through 25 bullets from their first four LPs inside 52 minutes. On record, it's two dozen greatest hits, nonstop. Onscreen, it's New York's black-leather knights in tight, bludgeoning focus – before the schisms and frustrations of the Eighties – when they were new and sure the world was theirs.

DAVID FRICKE



Joey Ramone in 1978

Alex Chilton *Ocean Club '77* Norton ★★★★★



In 1977, Alex Chilton was 10 years out from his Box Tops hit "The Letter" and recovering from the recent collapse of his power-pop band Big Star. Still in his mid-twenties, the Memphis singer tried his luck in New York, playing gigs like this one (in strong quasi-boot fidelity) that were

as close, in plaintive voice and power-trio scruff, as he ever got live to the open wounds on Big Star's farewell, *3rd*. There's a song from that LP here, "Night Time," along with earlier Big Star jewels and odd, magnetic originals from a rejected Elektra demo. It's all clanging pop delivered with scrappy purism – the way Chilton did it forever after.

DAVID FRICKE



Richard Thompson

Still Fantasy

★★★★½

A U.K. folk-rock institution rages on – at the world and himself – into his golden years

Don't worry about Richard Thompson mellowing with age: The 66-year-old folk rocker's songs are still full of dangerous women and treacherous con men. He's not easy on himself, either: In "Guitar Heroes," he admits the way his music obsession alienated his family. With the help of producer Jeff Tweedy, Thompson knows that bitterness goes down easiest when paired with autumnal Celtic-pub melodies (see "Josephine," which evokes his time in Fairport Convention).

DAVID BROWNE



Hot Chip

Why Make Sense? Domino

★★★★½

English electro-pop crew grows up, stays funky, with plenty of disco beats

On their sixth LP, Hot Chip look back toward their disco, soul and funk rootstocks. The clavinet on "Started Right" is straight-up Seventies Stevie Wonder, dressed in disco strings; "Love Is the Future" crosses Minneapolis funk with Motor City techno and an old-school verse from De La Soul's Posdnuos. This is dance music, handmade. "Machines are great, but best when they come to life," Alexis Taylor sings on the wistful "Huarache Lights." Here, they do.

WILL HERMES



Leon Bridges

Coming Home Columbia

★★★★½

Retro-soul SXSW breakout lives up to the hype in charmingly old-fashioned style

Leon Bridges is a throwback to the days when guys did things like "swim the Mississippi" to impress their dates ("Better Man"). But this retro-soul man doesn't have to work so hard to win you over on his debut LP: His smooth, Sam Cooke-esque croon makes *Coming Home* the best kind of nostalgia trip. Tunes like the tender title track dance right back to the late Fifties, and album closer "River" is a gospel-blues testimony that runs deep.

CHUCK ARNOLD

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RECORDS



Joy Williams

Venus Columbia

★★½

A singer's post-Civil Wars reconstruction doesn't stick

The tension between brooding country boy John Paul White and recovering Christian-pop singer Joy Williams gave the Civil Wars' smoldering folk rock an archetypal sexiness. Williams' first solo set following their split is archetypal, too – a woman dusts herself off for a journey of reinvention that feels very *Eat, Pray, Love*. The LP's gospel-flavored synth-pop is invitingly adventurous, but Williams can't hold the space like her touchstones here. See "Woman (Oh Mama)," a chant recalling Nina Simone that needs more dynamics and grit. Yet leaner arrangements ("The Dying Kind") showcase a fragile, potent voice that still haunts.

WILL HERMES

Miguel's Electro-Porn Fantasy

The R&B innovator's steamy new journey wrestles with modern love

Miguel *Wildheart* Bystorm/RCA ★★★★★



With "Adorn," 2012's sexiest slow jam, Miguel emerged as a mohawk-pompadoured futurist, as rooted in past innovators like Marvin Gaye as in 21st-century production – a soul man with no "neo-" required. *Wildheart* is an even bolder move: an intoxicating master class in electro-porn R&B – the coin of the modern genre – that's also a soul-searching critique of same. It's a necessary record that should generate plenty of thought, and more than a few babies, too.

What does it mean when Miguel croons about wanting to "fuck you like I hate you" in "The Valley," a psychedelic groove trip whose title is both sexual metaphor and explicit nod to the adult-film-biz capital of Southern California? Repellent yet inescapably hot, the song questions the ways the porn industry has warped modern sexuality. "Coffee" is a playful breakfast-in-bed tune; the f-bombing single version is cleaned up here and notably sexier for it, a musical "show, don't tell" demonstration. The most emotionally explicit

KEY TRACKS:
"The Valley,"
"Coffee"



Wild
card:
Miguel

moment comes in "What's Normal Anyway," a misfit prom anthem for anyone interrogating his or her own identity ("Too black for the Mexicans/Too square to be a hood nigga"). Not every song goes so deep, and Miguel might be accused of wanting to have his cake here and eat it too. Well, who doesn't?

WILL HERMES

65

If You Receive Or Are Credited Royalties from UMG Records, Inc., Capitol Records, LLC, and Their Related Entities, You May Be Entitled to Claim Payments or Credits Based on Past Royalties and Benefit from Increased Future Royalties for Digital Downloads and Mastertones.

Para una notificación en español, visite nuestro sitio Web, www.umgsettlement.com.

What is this Case about?

A proposed Settlement has been reached in a lawsuit involving how certain US Labels, affiliated with and including UMG Recordings, Inc. and Capitol Records, LLC, have calculated royalties for sales and exploitations of digital downloads, mastertones, and, as to Capitol Records, LLC, streams. The Plaintiffs claim that these transactions should be treated as "licenses" rather than "sales" of records for purposes of calculating royalties. Defendants deny these claims and contend that they properly calculated and paid royalties.

Am I in the Class?

You may be a member of the Class if you are entitled to receive or are credited royalties pursuant to a contract with one of the US Labels covered by the Settlement initially dated between January 1, 1965 and April 30, 2004, or have been treated by a Capitol US Label as subject to the Capitol Legendary Artists Program. More detailed information on the proposed Settlement can be found in the Settlement Agreement available at www.umgsettlement.com.

Which US Labels are Included?

US Labels means UMG Recordings, Inc. and Capitol Records, LLC, as well as their wholly or partially-owned US recorded music subsidiaries, divisions, and business units, their predecessors-in-interests, and any affiliated entity or joint venture on whose behalf they may enter into litigation settlements. The Settlement Agreement contains a non-exhaustive list of US Labels.

What are my Options?

- If you are eligible and want to receive a payment or credit for past royalties from the proposed \$11.5 million settlement fund, and be eligible for increases in how royalties are calculated in the future, **you must submit a fully completed and signed Claim Form postmarked on or before August 11, 2015 to: UMG Settlement, c/o GCG, P.O. Box 10181,**

Dublin, OH 43017-3181, or via email to info@umgsettlement.com. Claim Forms can also be downloaded from www.umgsettlement.com.

- You may remove yourself from both the Settlement and the lawsuit by opting out by August 11, 2015. You will not be eligible for the Settlement benefits and will not be bound by the terms of the proposed Settlement. For information on how to opt out, visit www.umgsettlement.com.
- You can object to the Settlement by writing to the Court by August 11, 2015. For more information, visit www.umgsettlement.com.
- You can do nothing. If you do nothing, you will receive no payment, and you will give up your rights to sue the US Labels about the claims in this case.

Has the Court approved the Settlement?

The Court has preliminarily approved the Settlement and will finally determine whether the proposed Settlement is fair, reasonable, and adequate at a Fairness Hearing currently set on April 13, 2016, at 4:00 p.m. at San Francisco Courthouse, Courtroom 10 - 19th Floor, 450 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94102. The Class will be represented by Class Counsel; you are not required to attend the hearing, but you or your own lawyer may attend at your own expense. Class Counsel's motion requesting attorneys' fees of \$2,875,000.00 and costs of \$450,000.00 along with enhancement awards for the 14 Class Representatives for assisting with the litigation that total \$185,500.00 will be available for viewing on the Settlement Website listed below after they are filed.

Where Can I Get Additional Information?

This is only a summary. The terms of the Settlement determine eligibility, benefits, and rights of Class Members. If you have any questions regarding this Settlement, visit www.umgsettlement.com. You may also contact the Settlement Administrator at (855) 896-0636 or write to: UMG Settlement, c/o GCG, P.O. Box 10181, Dublin, OH 43017-3181.

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GIRL POWER
Indominus rex is the queen of *Jurassic World*.

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Jurassic World

Chris Pratt, Bryce Dallas Howard, Vincent D'Onofrio

Directed by Colin Trevorrow

★★★

IT'S NOT THE CYNICAL, CASH-in cheesefest you feared. OK, *Jurassic World* is a little of that. But this state-of-the-art dino epic is also more than a blast of rumbling, roaring, "did you effing see that!" fun. It's got a wicked streak of subversive attitude that goes by the name of Colin Trevorrow. He's the director and co-writer whose only previous feature credit, a nifty 2012 indie called *Safety Not Guaranteed*, cost \$750,000, chump change on a studio product like this, which cost – wait for it – \$150 million.

For starters, Trevorrow is a fanboy of all things *Jurassic* and Steven Spielberg, who directed the first two *Jurassic* films and rode herd as an exec producer on this one. But even with the boss looking over his shoulder, Trevorrow, with his writing partner, Derek Connolly, redrafted the existing script

to get in his own licks. That means throwing a few bombs at a public that thinks better is defined solely by upping the wow factor. Style, character and emotion are fatally retro or, worse, so three *Jurassic* epics



SNACKS Don't eat us, say Howard, Pratt, Robinson and Simpkins (from left).

ago. If you intend to watch this new take while binge-checking your smartphone, Trevorrow has a few darts aimed your way.

But, first, let's play catch-up. The big attraction that John Hammond (Richard Attenborough) envisioned in 1993's *Jurassic Park* never opened; too many creatures created from

dino DNA wreaked havoc on humans. In *Jurassic World*, the third sequel in the series, the park has been open for 22 years. But the tourists are jaded. Dinosaurs have been domesticated. Kiddies ride tamed

triceratops. And when a great white shark (name-check, *Jaws*) is swallowed in one gulp by a Mosasaurus, all the public gets is splashed. Safety is guaranteed. Boring! The fans want danger – bigger, faster dinosaurs with more teeth. If that's not Hollywood in a nutshell, I don't know my inflated, degraded CGI epics, in 3D and IMAX, from

Transformers to *San Andreas*.

To stay in business, *Jurassic World*, the park, needs to give the public what it wants: blood. For Claire (Bryce Dallas Howard), the operations manager, that means building a better tourist trap in the scary form of an Indominus rex, created from a mix of, heck, I'll never

tell. But she's a beauty and a terror, forcing the park to erect a wall to hold her (name-check, *King Kong*).

Enter our hero, Owen (the über-relatable Chris Pratt), an animal-behavior expert (he tames velociraptors) so human his shirts stink from sweat. Can his raptors bring down the Indominus? Or will a bullying profiteer (Vincent D'Onofrio) rain down holy terror? Not so fast. First, Owen and Claire have to get it on in the 1980s style of *Romancing the Stone*. An early clip from *Jurassic World* inspired *Avengers* director Joss Whedon to tweet, "She's a stiff, he's a life force – really? Still?"

Don't groan. Pratt – cheers to Star-Lord of *Guardians of the Galaxy* – aces it as an action hero and invests his sexual banter with a comic flair the movie could have used more of. And Howard, a dynamo, is nobody's patsy. Claire can do everything Owen does, and in heels. She also protects her two visiting nephews, 11-year-old Gray (Ty Simpkins) and

16-year-old Zach (Nick Robinson). The boys have a killer scene in a gyroscope with video commentary from, of all peeps, Jimmy Fallon. It's hilarious till the gyro goes flooey and turns the kids into dino bait.

Trevorrow relishes turning tourists (read "us") into material for chomping. We get what we wish for. And we care because there's a humanity in the characters, even Lowery (Jake Jonson), a park techie who collects toy dinos and wears a tee from the original Jurassic Park that he bought on eBay. Lowery is a realist who sees things with childlike wonder. So does Trevorrow, who recaptures the thrilling spirit of the Spielberg original (name-check, T. rex) with fresh provocation: Is bigger always better, or is it an empty, soulless thing ready to bite us on the ass? *Jurassic World* will scare the hell out of you, and not just for the obvious reasons.

Inside Out

Amy Poehler, Mindy Kaling

Directed by Pete Docter

★★★★

AN 11-YEAR-OLD GIRL WRESTLES with the bickering emotions inside her head. It sounds like a therapy session. Instead, Pixar's 15th feature is another landmark, an unmissable film triumph that raises the bar on what animation can do and proves that live action doesn't have dibs on cinematic art. Oh, did I say it was funny? It is, uproariously so, when you're not brushing away a tear.

Riley (voiced by Kaitlyn Dias) is upset that her dad (Kyle MacLachlan) and mom (Diane Lane) have moved her to San Francisco (colored in dull browns) from bright, snowy Minnesota, where she loved playing hockey with her BFFs.

It's a scary new school and no friends, except for her emotions: Joy (Amy Poehler, perfection) used to be in charge. Now she's on a trip with Sadness (Phyllis Smith, all touching gravity) to recover Riley's best memories. That leaves Fear (a comically hyper Bill Hader), Disgust (Mindy Kaling, mistress of dismissive cool) and Anger (Lewis Black

finding the vocal equivalent of a head bursting into flames) in charge over at Riley HQ. Ah, adolescence explained at last.

The idea has been tried – remember TV's *Herman's Head*? – but never with the artful brilliance of filmmaker Pete Docter (*Up*; *Monsters, Inc.*). Docter gets into our control centers as well as Riley's. We all hear

Dope

Shameik Moore, A\$AP Rocky, Zoë Kravitz

Directed by Rick Famuyiwa

★★★★

TEEN NERDS NAVIGATING the mean streets of Inglewood, California – that's the spark that ignites *Dope*, a woozy but wild comic ride from writer-

hottie Nakia (Zoë Kravitz). But at a club, there's a shootout and Dom's dope ends up in Malcolm's backpack, plus a gun, forcing the geeks to go gangsta. No spoilers on what happens next. Just know that Famuyiwa keeps the action spinning with vibrant speed and rare sensitivity. He's made a comedy of social expectation that plays like an exhilarating gift.

Infinitely Polar Bear

Mark Ruffalo

Directed by Maya Forbes

★★★★½

IT SHOULD BE CLEAR THAT Mark Ruffalo (*Foxcatcher*, *The Kids Are All Right*, *The Normal Heart*) is one of the best actors on the planet. He proves it again in *Infinitely Polar Bear*, a hilarious and heartbreaking tale of a family on the ropes.

Set in Boston in the late 1970s, the film casts Ruffalo as Cam Stuart, a manic depressive – "polar bear" is how Cam refers to being bipolar – whose antics and chronic unemployment have alienated his blueblood relatives. It's no picnic for those closest to Cam – wife Maggie (Zoë Saldana) and their mixed-race daughters, Amelia (Imogene Wolodarsky) and Faith (Ashley Aufderheide).

A crisis approaches when Maggie decides to pursue an MBA at Columbia. She wants the best education for her kids and can't get financial help from Cam's rich relations, whose contributions barely reach the subsistence level. She'll have to be in New York for 18 months, coming home on weekends only, leaving Cam in charge of the girls.

Having trouble buying this? Talk to Maya Forbes, making a fine feature debut as a writer and director by telling her own story. Wolodarsky, Forbes' daughter, is playing her mother as a child and doing it superbly.

The movie is a small miracle, lifted by Ruffalo and these two remarkable young actresses. Refusing to soften the edges when Cam is off his meds, Ruffalo is a powerhouse. He and Forbes craft an indelibly intimate portrait of what makes a family when the roles of parent and child are reversed.



1



2

(1) Riley (inset) and her emotions: Sadness, Fear, Anger, Disgust and Joy, in *Inside Out*. (2) Clemons, Moore and Revolori (from left) in *Dope*. (3) Wolodarsky, Ruffalo and Aufderheide in *Infinitely Polar Bear*.



3

voices in our heads – no, not the kind that get you locked up. As envisioned by Docter, co-director Ronnie Del Carmen and co-writers Meg LeFauve and Josh Cooley, *Inside Out* isn't so much a tale of emotions at war as it is emotions angling for a truce, reflected in Michael Giacchino's glorious, mood-leaping score.

Too sophisticated? Maybe so when the film takes us to the dark subconscious, "where troublemakers go." Kids will probably roll with the abstract punches thrown by this burst of pure imagination. Parents and adults will likely be traumatized. You've been warned.

director Rick Famuyiwa (*The Wood*), whose obsession with Nineties hip-hop, BMX bikes, skateboards, manga comics and "other shit white people like" helps to define the film's main character.

That's Malcolm, played by Shameik Moore in a smashing breakout performance. Malcolm (catch the flattop) fronts a punk band with his besties Jib (Tony Revolori) and Diggy (Kiersey Clemons, both crazy good), aspires to Harvard and is such a throwback that bullies want to crush him. Thugish Dom (A\$AP Rocky) asks Malcolm to hook him up with



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Running With Van Halen

Van Halen were the biggest hard-rock band on the planet in March 1984; the hit single "Jump" was in heavy rotation on MTV, and their sixth studio album, *1984*, was on track to sell 17 million copies. Eddie Van Halen and David Lee Roth exchanged their usual ribbing when ROLLING STONE writer Debby Miller caught up with them at a Cincinnati tour stop. "I'm a musician, Dave's a rock star," said Van Halen, who would bring studio equipment on the road, and told a story about climbing into the closet of his hotel room at night to hum song ideas into a tape recorder. (He also talked about his uneasiness at being a guitar idol: "I am so much geekier than any of those kids dreaming about being me.") Roth, for his part, belittled Eddie's recent star cameo on Michael Jackson's "Beat It." ("He went in and played the same fucking solo he's been playing in this band for 10 years. Big deal!") Less than a year later, Roth was out of the band, replaced by singer Sammy Hagar.



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Top 10 Flashback

June 16-22, 1984

- 1 **Time After Time**
Cyndi Lauper *Portrait*
- 2 **The Reflex**
Duran Duran *Capitol*
- 3 **Let's Hear It for the Boy**
Deniece Williams *Columbia*
- 4 **Sister Christian**
Night Ranger *Camel/MCA*
- 5 **The Heart of Rock & Roll**
Huey Lewis & the News *Chrysalis*
- 6 **Self Control**
Laura Branigan *Atlantic*
- 7 **Jump (For My Love)**
The Pointer Sisters *Planet*
- 8 **Dancing in the Dark**
Bruce Springsteen *Columbia*
- 9 **Borderline**
Madonna *Sire*
- 10 **Eyes Without a Face**
Billy Idol *Chrysalis*



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